

BATMAN
No.42

AUG...SEPT.
TEN CENTS

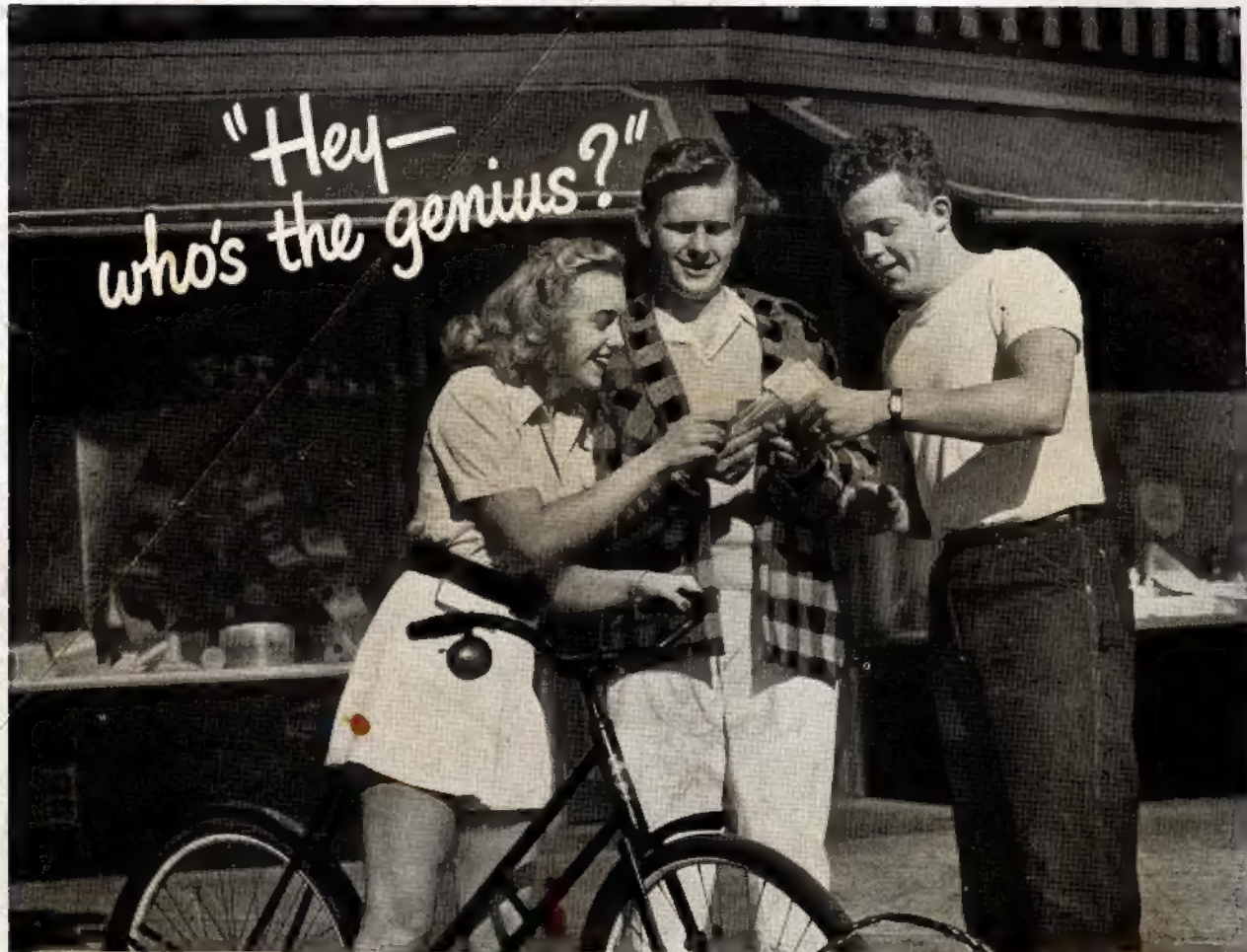


BATMAN

**A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE**

The **PARTNERS IN PERIL**
*face the steel-clawed
fury of*
The **CATWOMAN**





*"Hey—
who's the genius?"*

*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

Know how easy snapshots are? Even first attempts come out beautifully. Part of the secret of good pictures, of course, is an eye for pictures; that's up to you. And good film—Kodak Verichrome Film—is another essential. It cuts out the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

**America's favorite snapshots are
made on Kodak Verichrome Film
—in the familiar yellow box.**



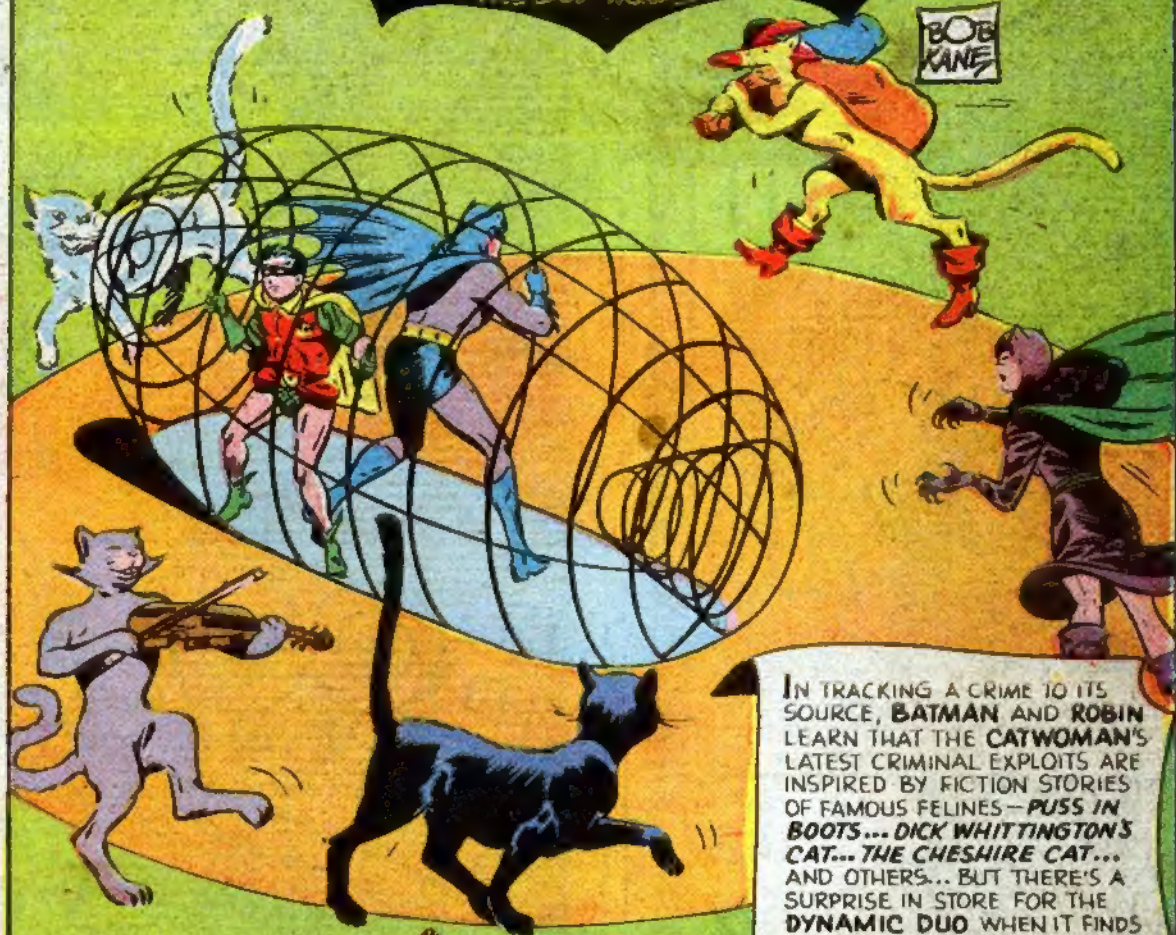
**Baby Brownie
Special**
World-famous little camera

In ever increasing supply. This little camera, priced at only \$2, plus tax, can go with you anytime, anywhere. Just the thing for "starters." Gets clear, bright, big pictures. No adjustment, no focusing. Once loaded—it's set for action!

Kodak

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



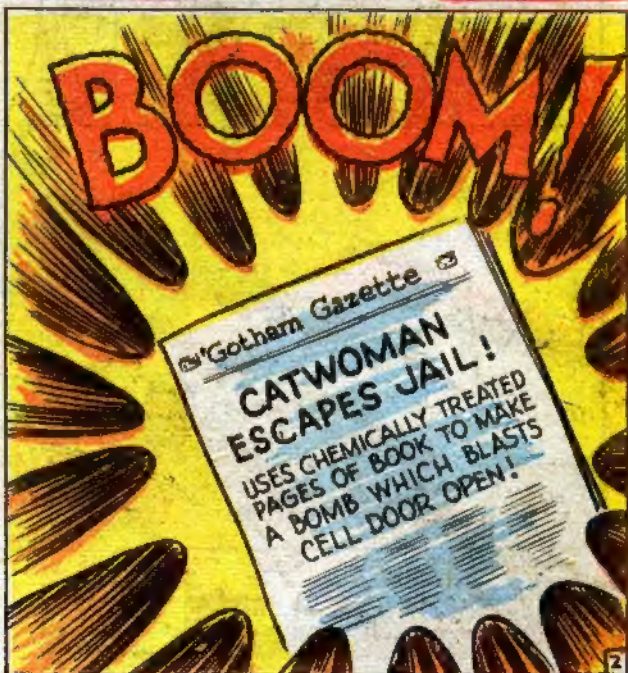
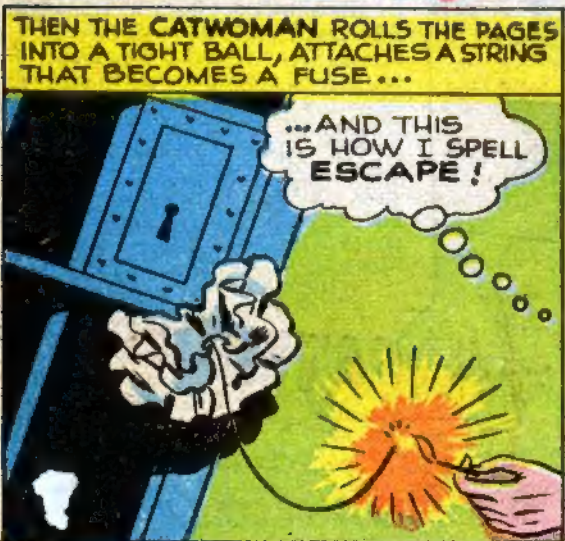
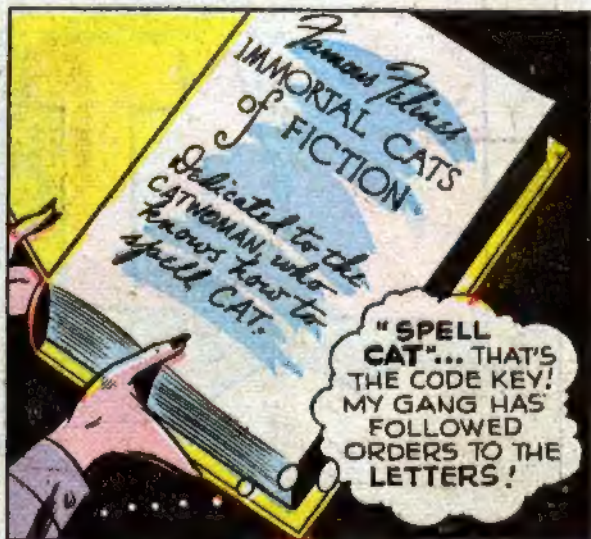
IN TRACKING A CRIME TO ITS SOURCE, **BATMAN AND ROBIN** LEARN THAT THE **CATWOMAN'S** LATEST CRIMINAL EXPLOITS ARE INSPIRED BY FICTION STORIES OF FAMOUS FELINES—**PUSS IN BOOTS... DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT... THE CHESHIRE CAT...** AND OTHERS... BUT THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE **DYNAMIC DUO** WHEN IT FINDS THE LAST CHAPTER SCRATCHED IN TERROR BY...

"CLAWS of the CATWOMAN!"

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LATER... THE LAIR OF THE CATWOMAN!



THE NEXT DAY, ON A STREET IN GOTHAM CITY...



A POLICEMAN HELPING A CAT—A FAMILIAR SCENE!



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER CAT HELPS HERSELF—TO GEMS!

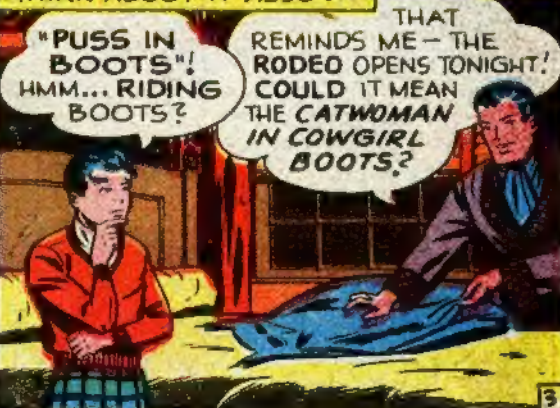


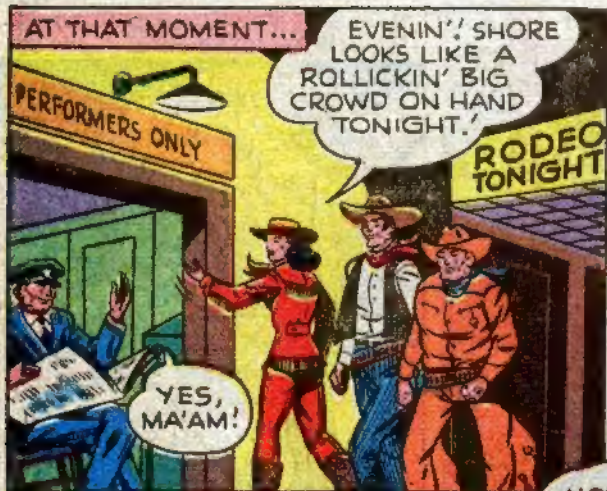
I STUCK THE POSTER ON THE WINDOW AS YOU ORDERED!

FINE! IT WILL GIVE THE POLICE SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!

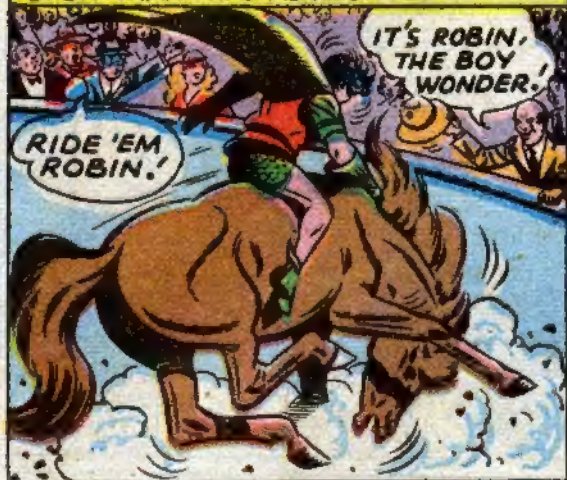


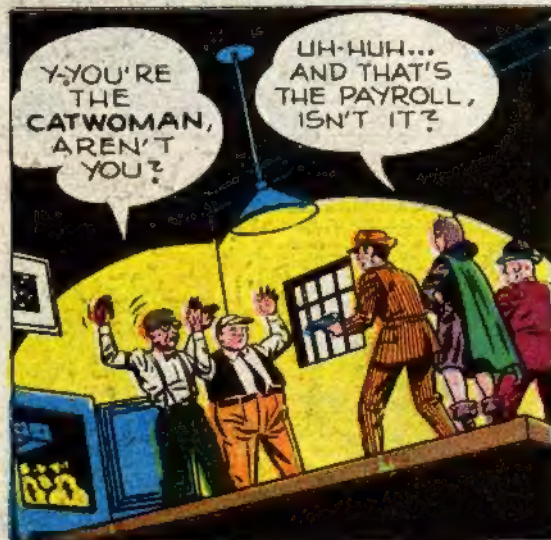
LATER... THOSE UNOFFICIAL LAWMEN, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON—ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN—THINK ABOUT IT ALSO...





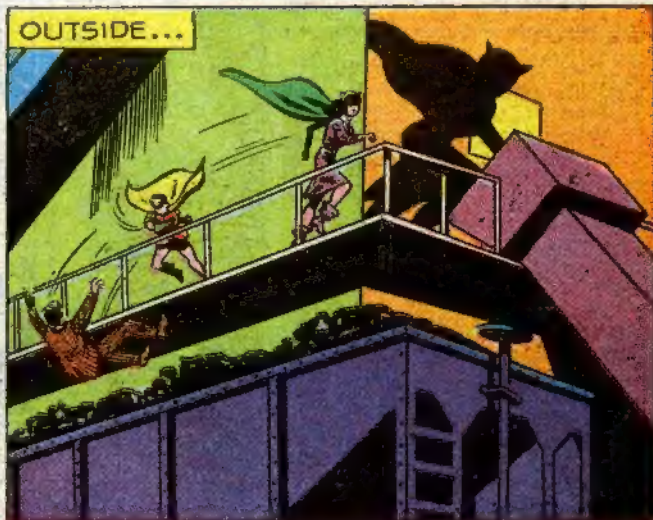
THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES A MORE EXCITING SHOW THAN WAS ADVERTISED!



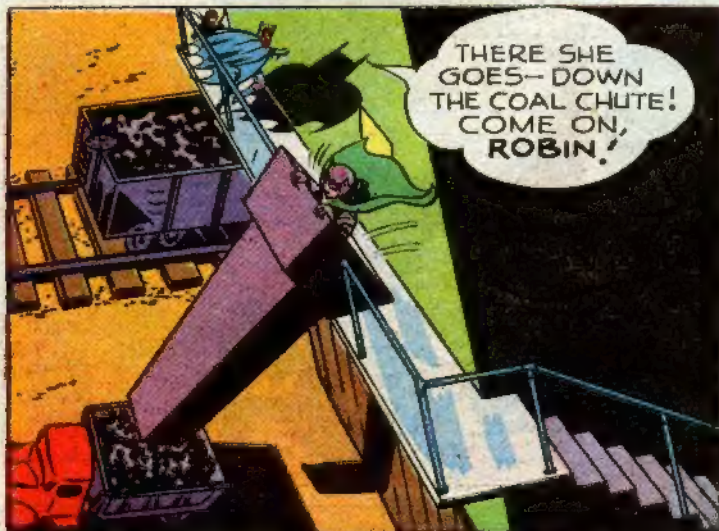




LIE
DOWN, RAT
... WHILE WE
GO AFTER
THE CAT!



OUTSIDE...



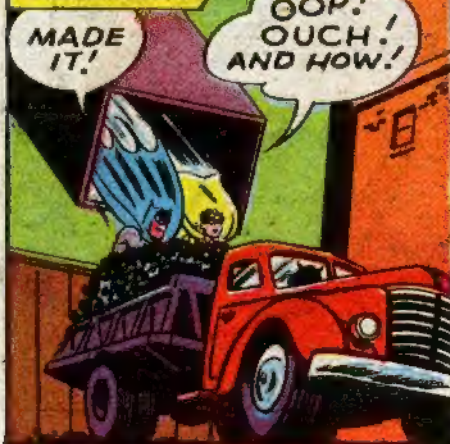
THERE SHE
GOES— DOWN
THE COAL CHUTE!
COME ON,
ROBIN!



NOW— A CHUTE-THE-CHUTE
CHASE!

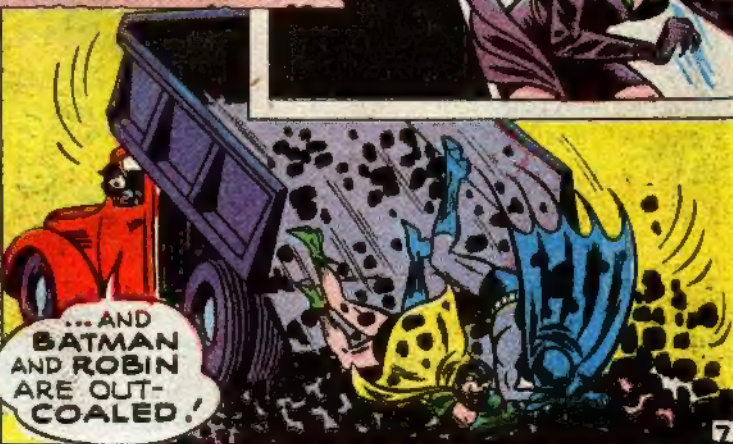
AS THE PLUNDER PRINCESS
REACHES THE TRUCK'S CAB, THE
DYNAMIC DUO DROPS
THROUGH!

BUT THE CATWOMAN
FLIPS A HAND LEVER—
AND THE BACK-FLAP
OF THE TRUCK DROPS!



MADE
IT!

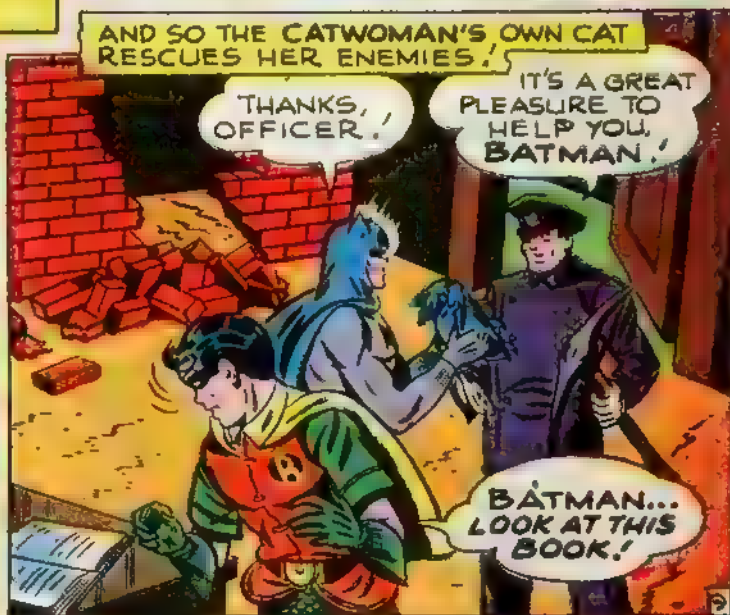
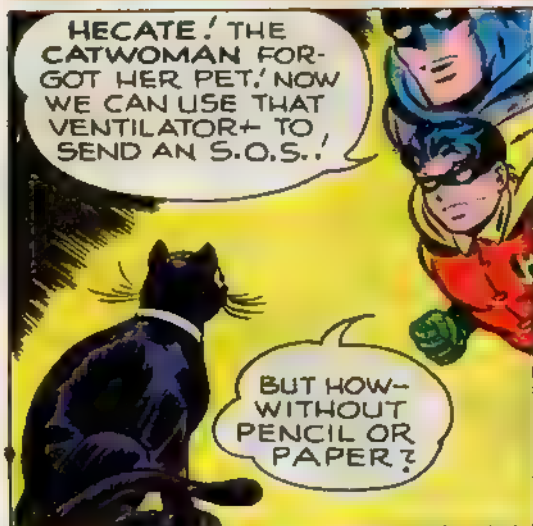
OOP!
OUCH!
AND HOW!

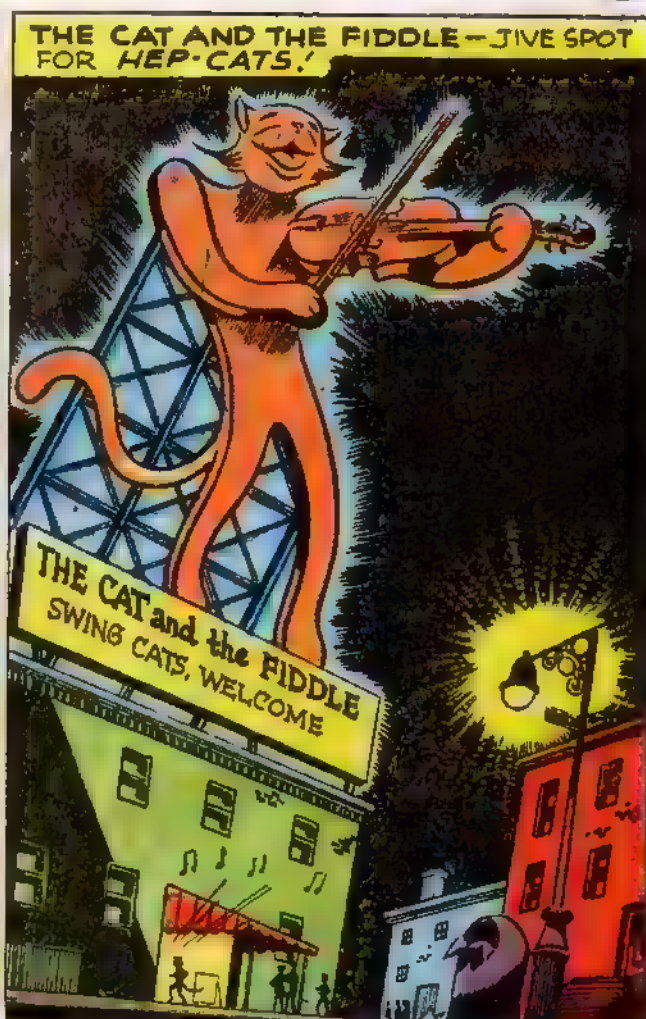
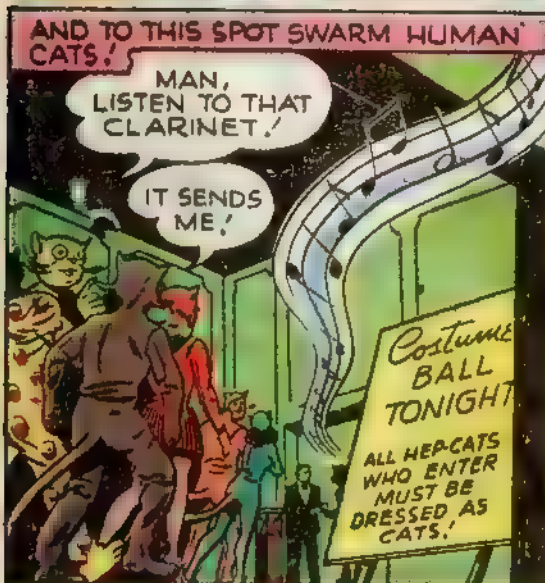
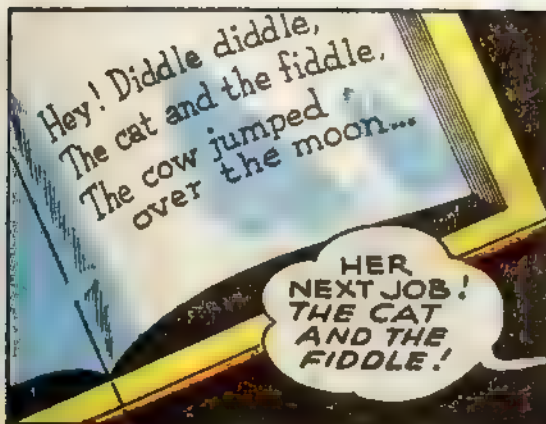


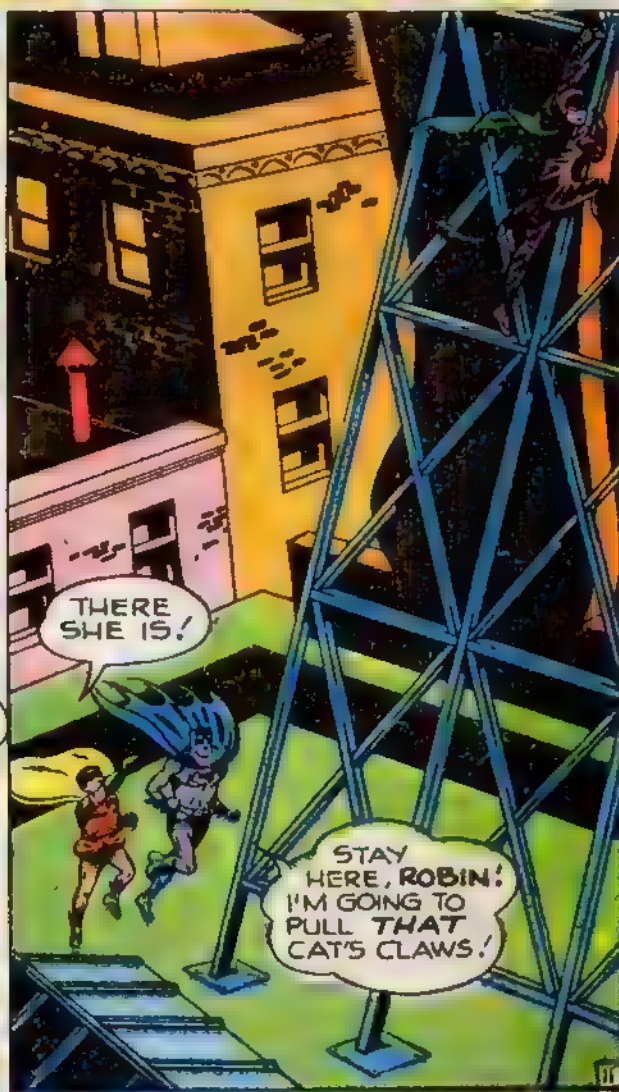
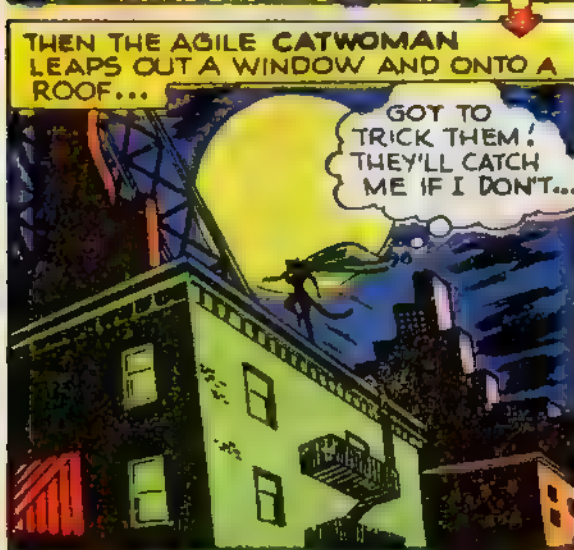
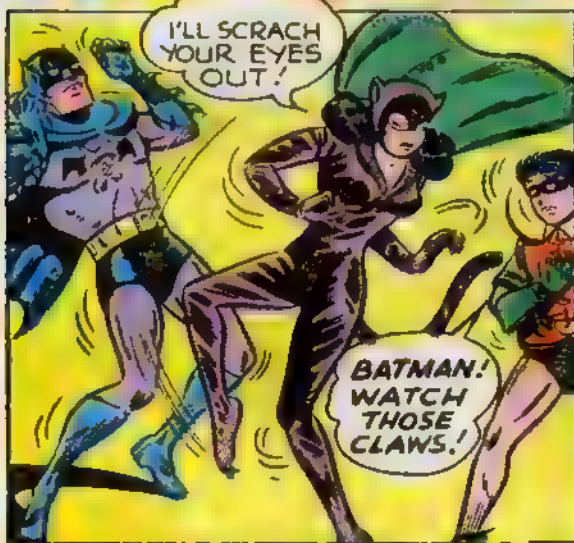
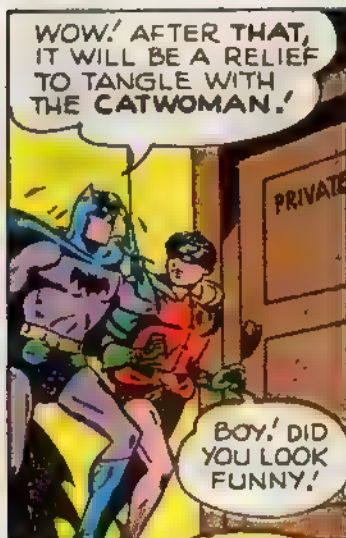
... AND
BATMAN
AND ROBIN
ARE OUT-
COALED!

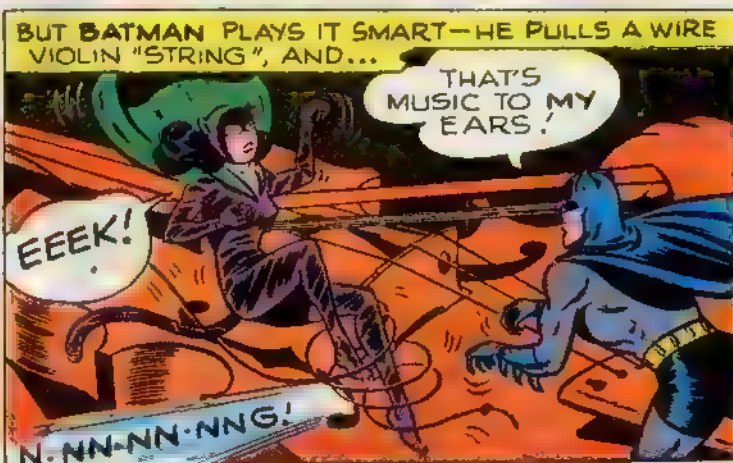
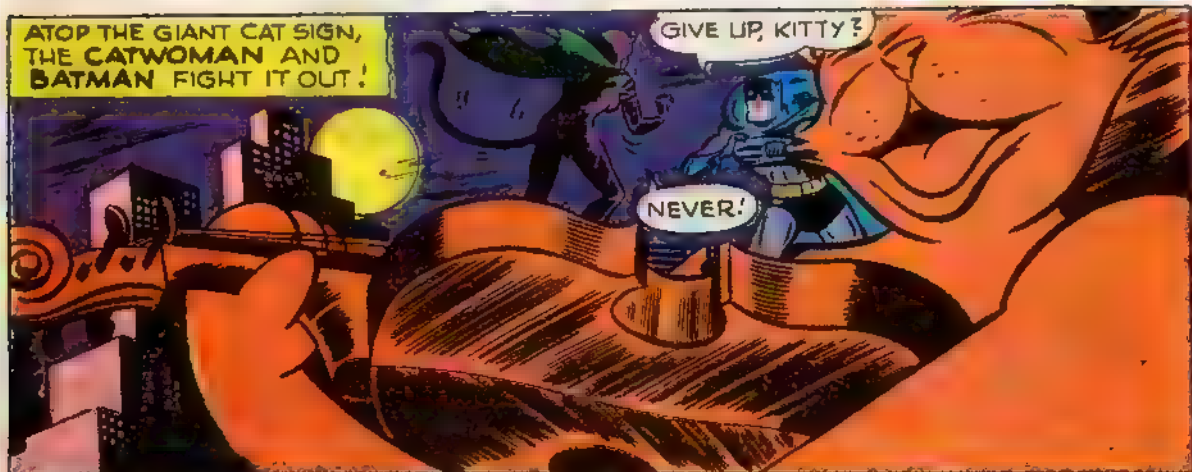


AND AS THE LAST BRICK GOES INTO PLACE, LIKE THE CHESHIRE CAT, THE CATWOMAN DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW—LEAVING THE DYNAMIC DUO ENTOMBED!









Pete REISER

**CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES**

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR

"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
34 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL

WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

**"DON'T CATCH
ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"**
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. "THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES 'EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE."
MAKE IT WHEATIES. "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE. WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES, PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD

THERE'S
NO PLATE
LIKE HOME

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
WITH MILK
AND FRUIT
OF CHAMPIONS"

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BATMAN



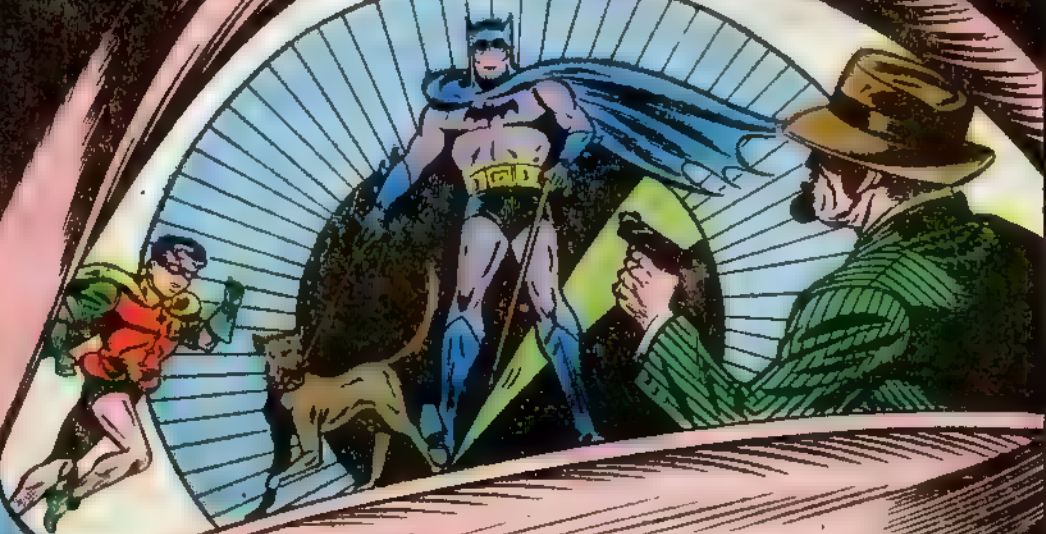
BATMAN

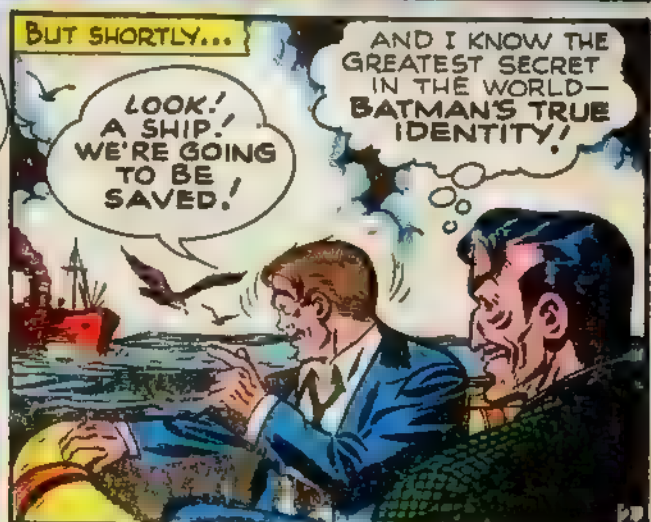
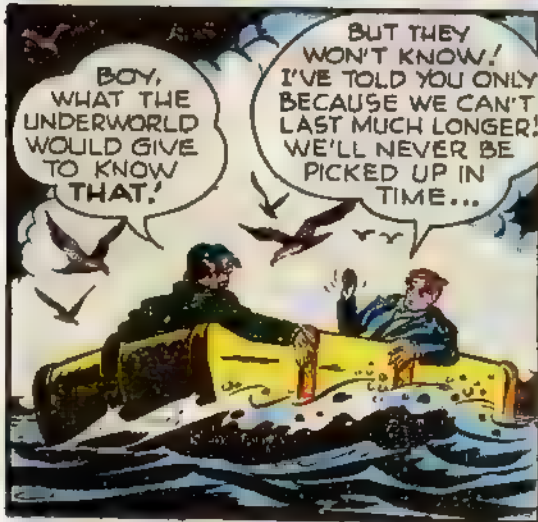
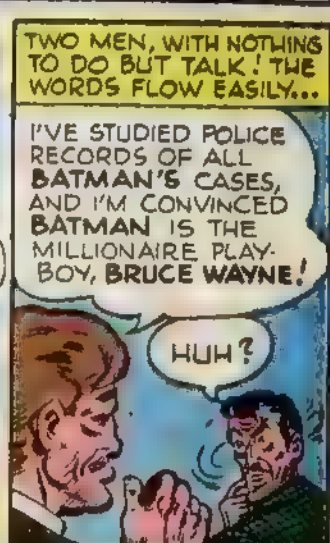
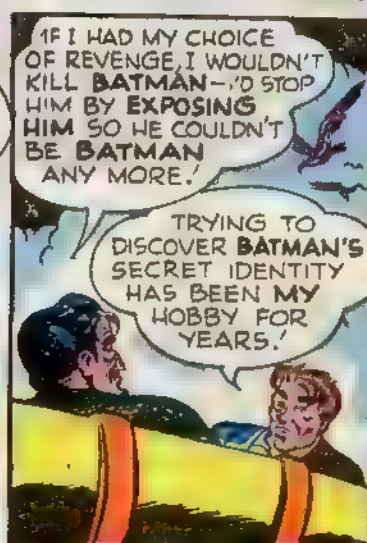
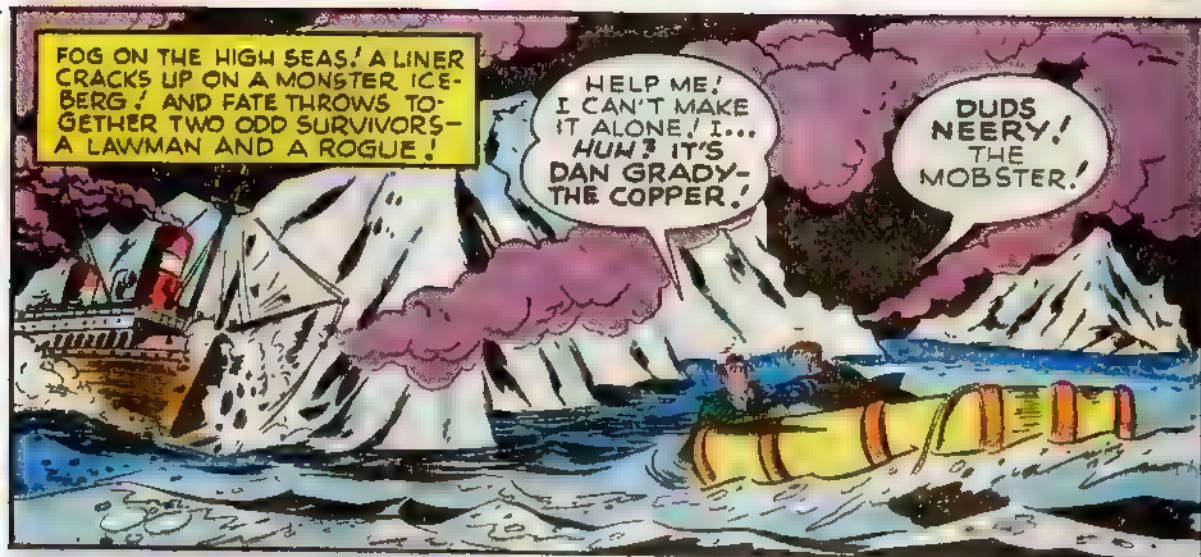
WITH
ROBIN

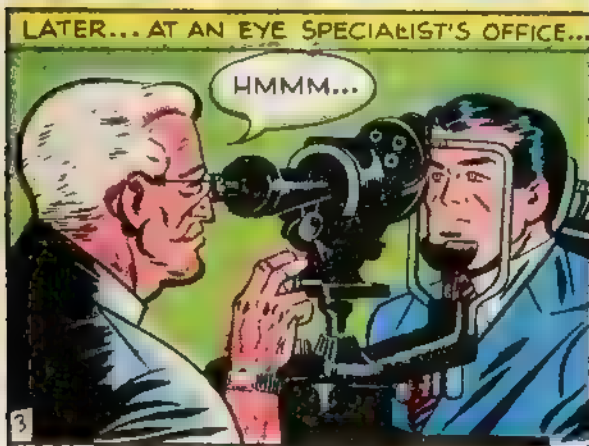
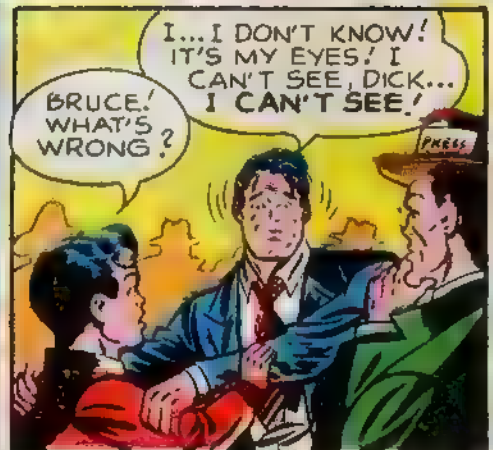
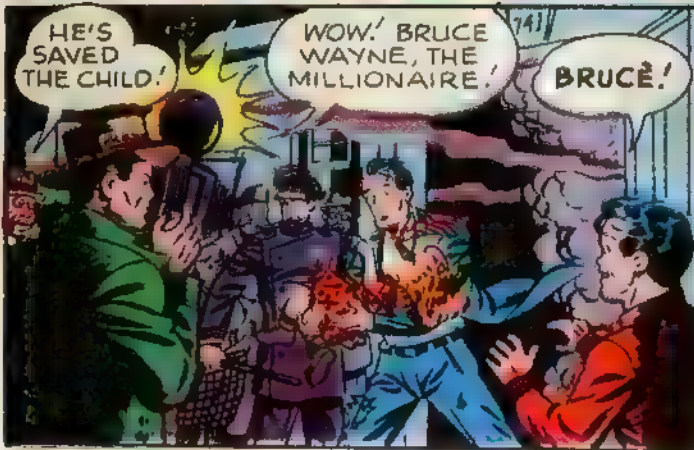
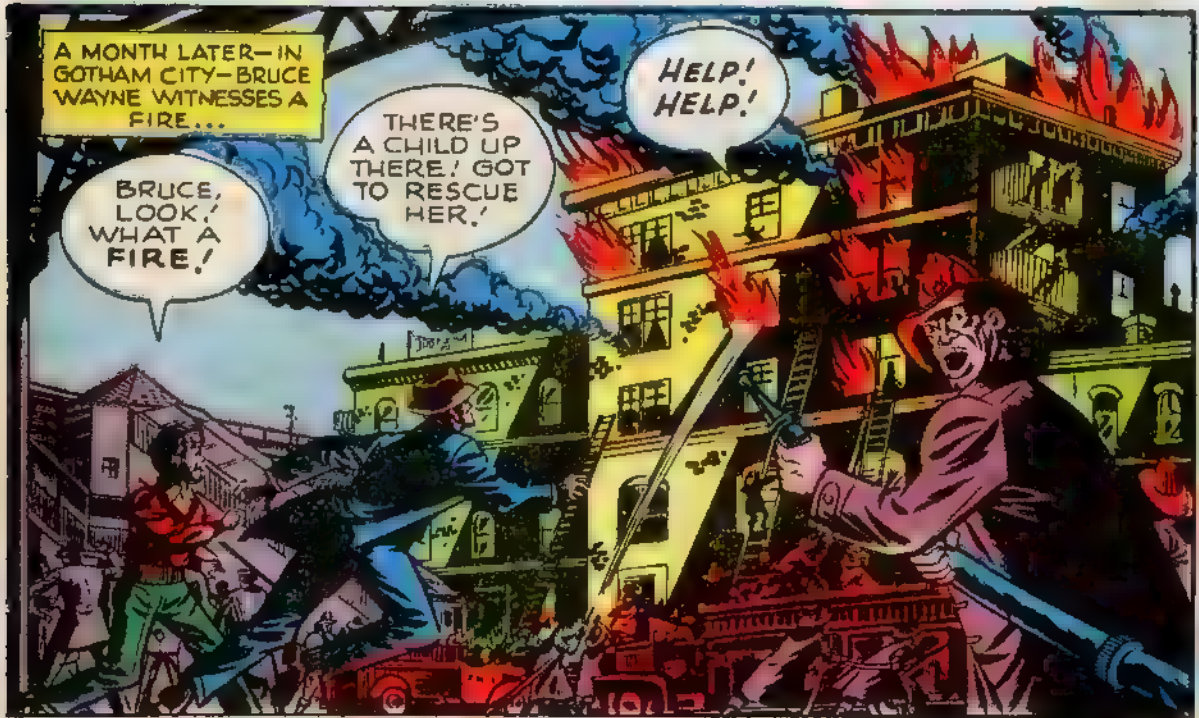
-THE BOY WONDER-

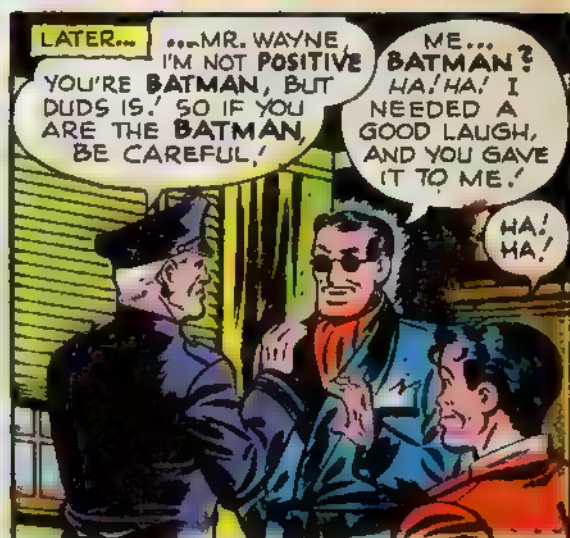
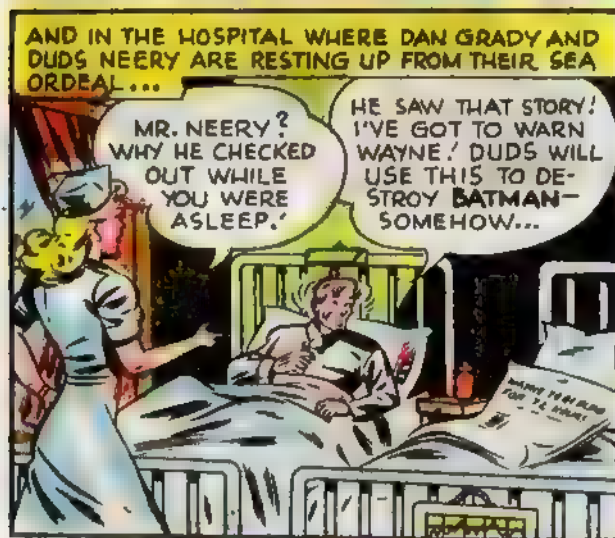
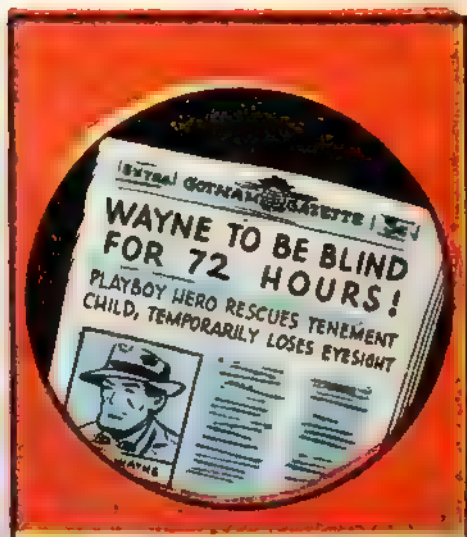
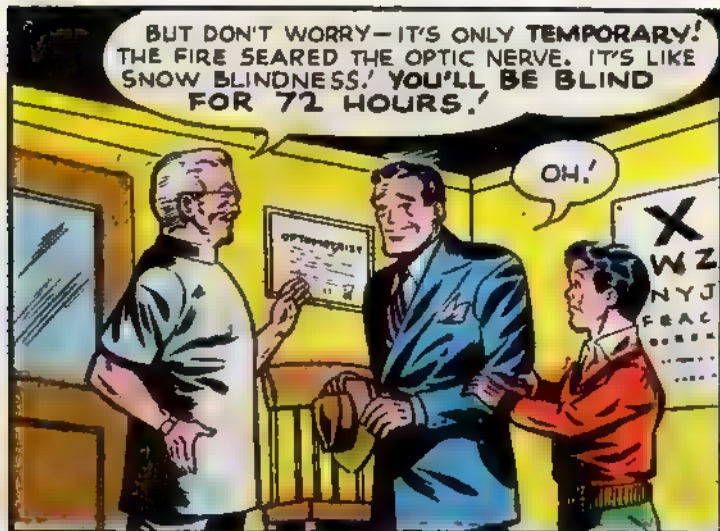
By **BOB KANE**

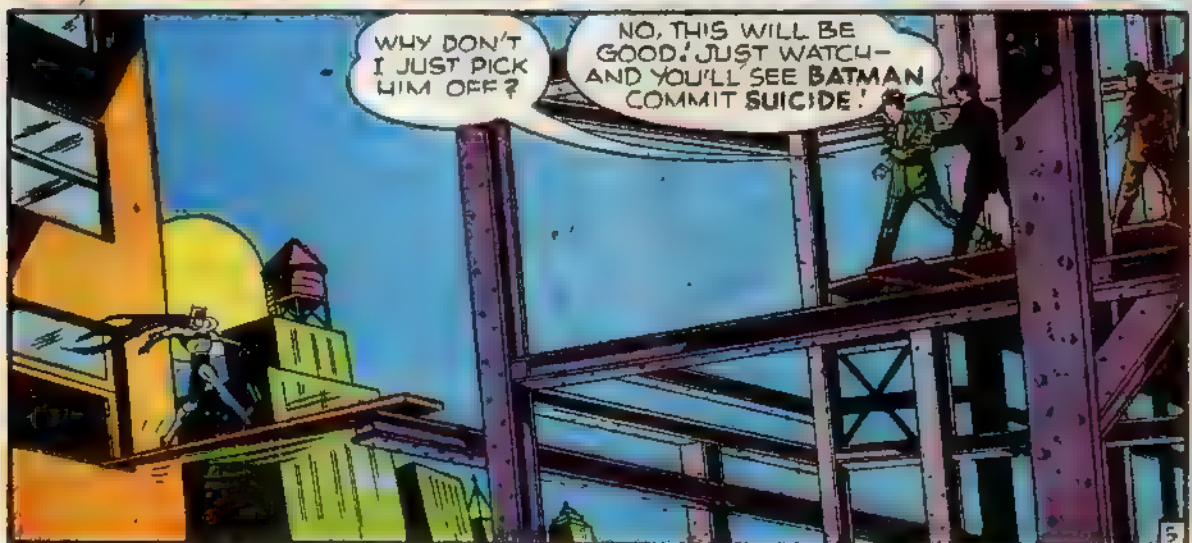
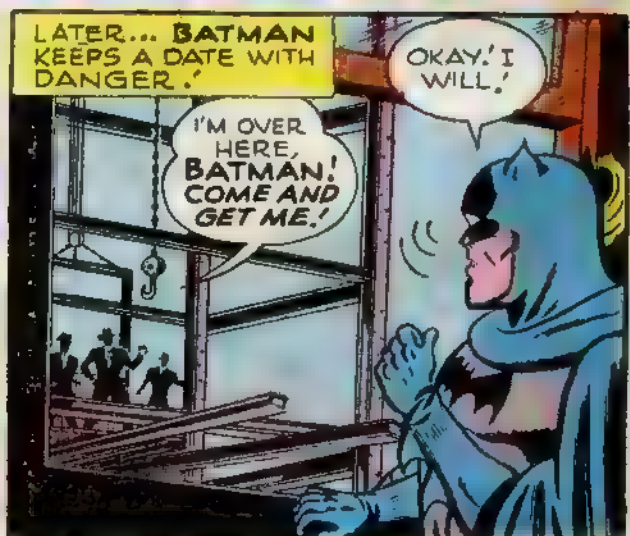
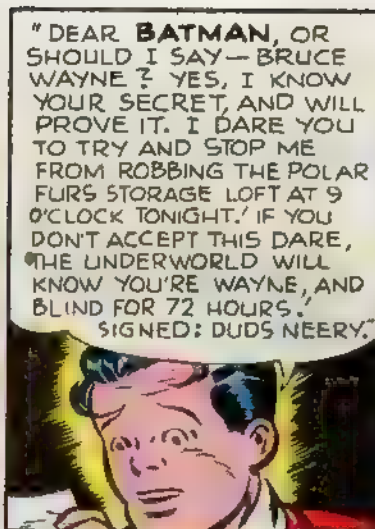
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BATMAN WERE SUDDENLY TO GO BLIND? AND SUPPOSE
GANGLAND WERE TO SUSPECT THAT HE WAS BLIND? **BATMAN...BLIND AS A BAT!**
JUST IMAGINE IT—**BATMAN** IN A DARK WORLD WHERE KNIVES GLITTER AND GUNS
GLEAM...AND HE CANNOT SEE THEM! AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT DARKNESS, LURKS
AN ENEMY, WHOSE HAND REACHES OUT TO UNMASK HIM, AND EXPOSE HIS SECRET
IDENTITY TO THE WORLD! WHAT CAN A BLIND MAN DO IN SUCH A SITUATION?
HOW **BATMAN** MEETS THIS CHALLENGE IS THE STORY OF THE MOST PERILOUS
GAME EVER PLAYED... A DEADLY GAME OF WITS KNOWN AS...
"BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!"

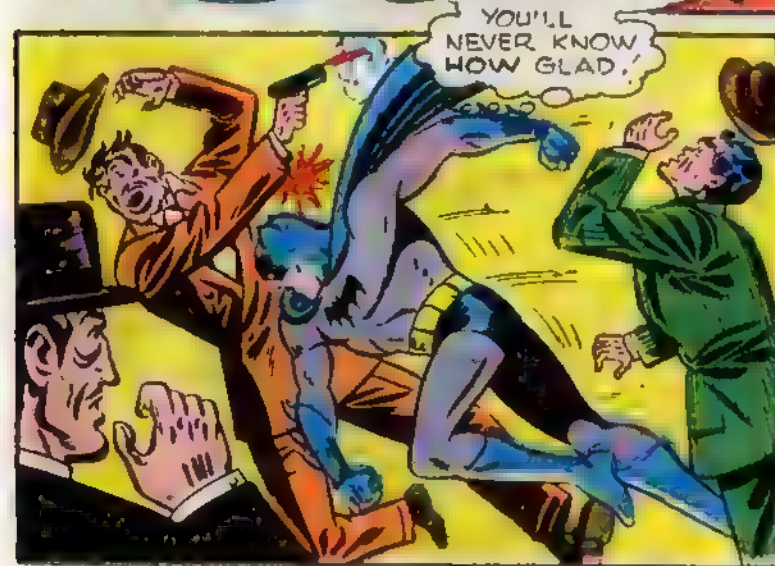
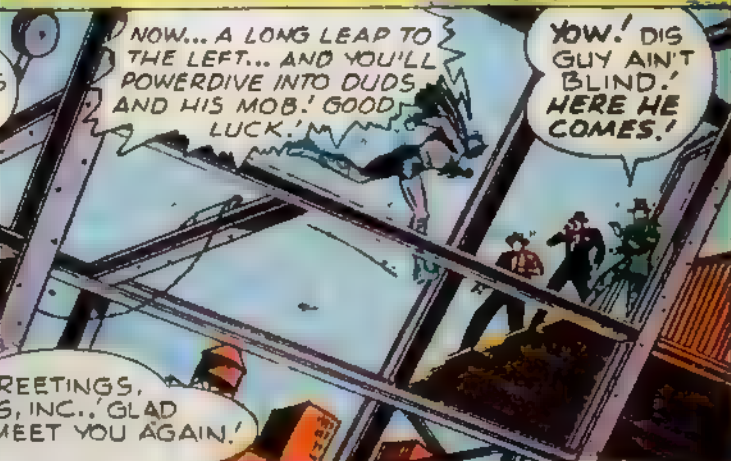
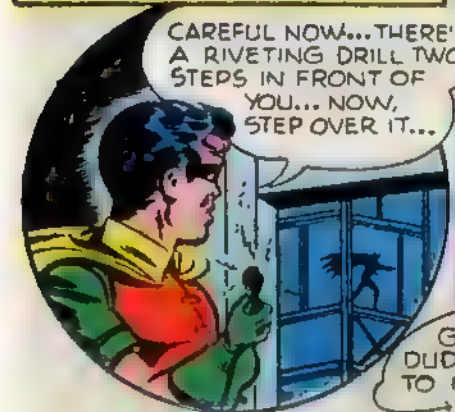
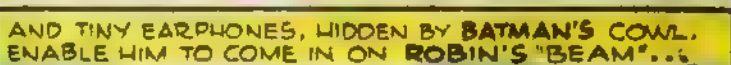
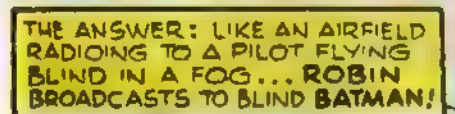
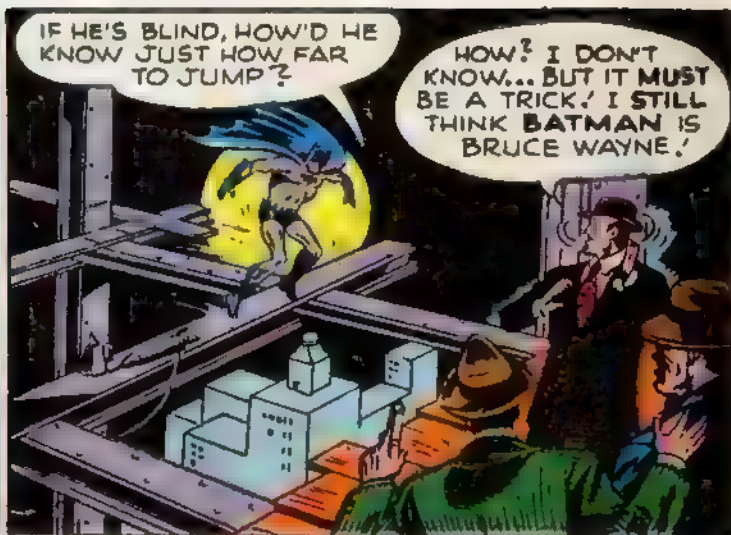
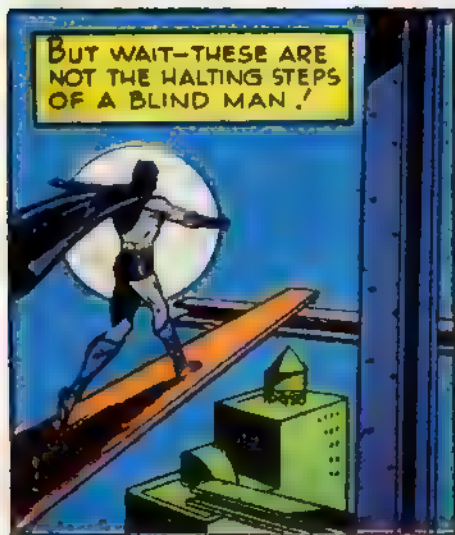


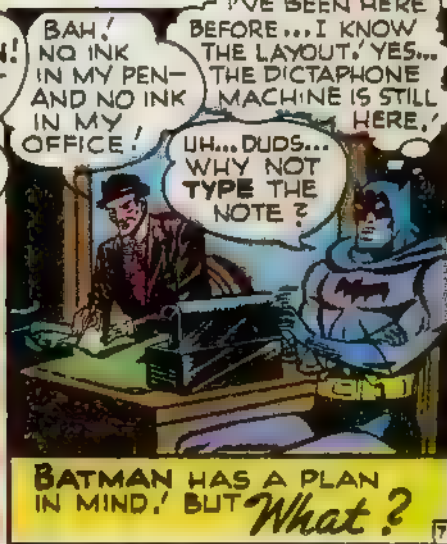
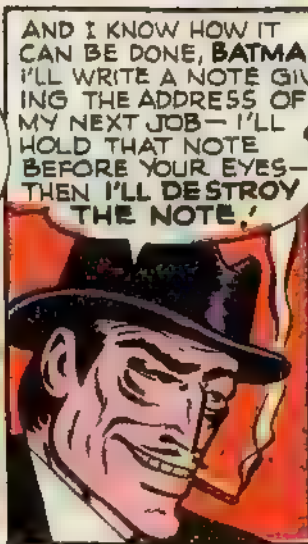
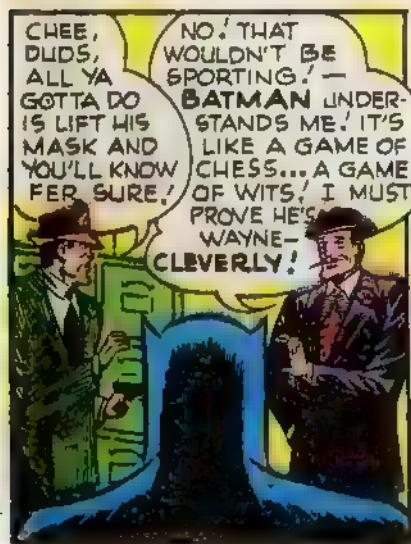
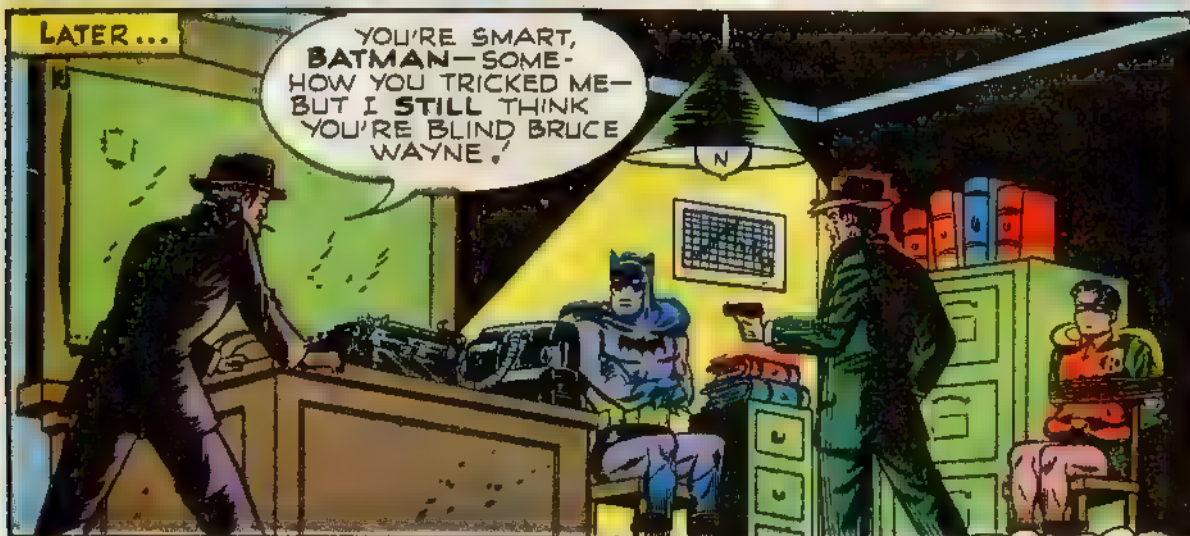
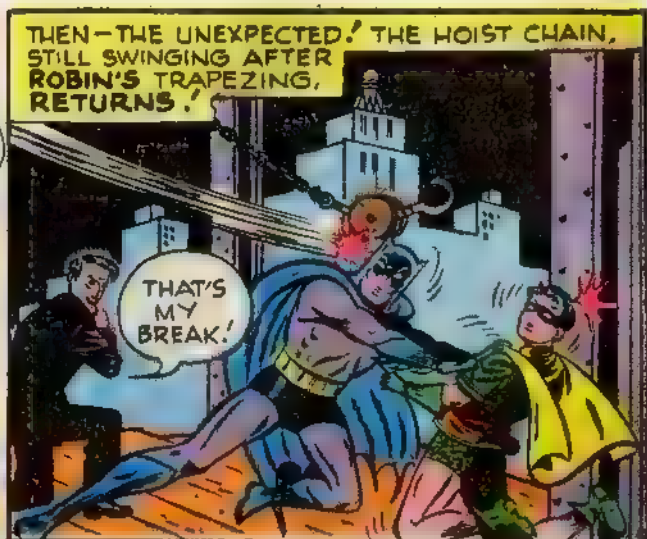


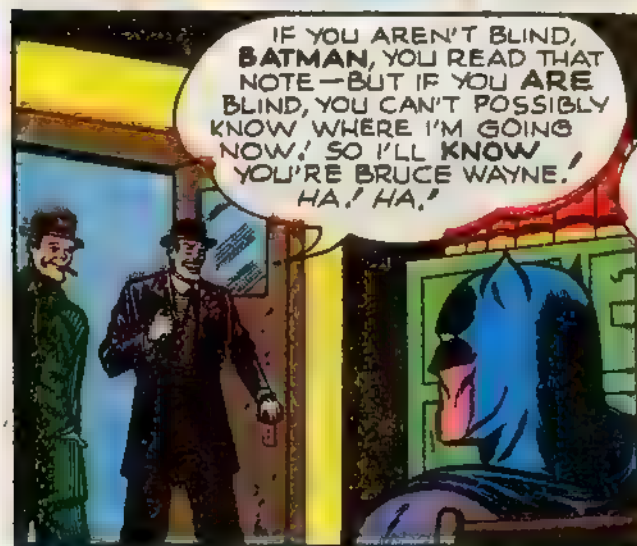
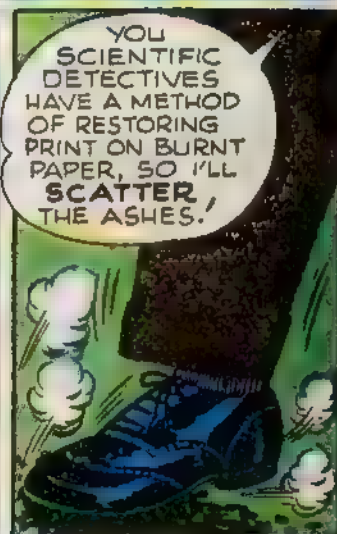
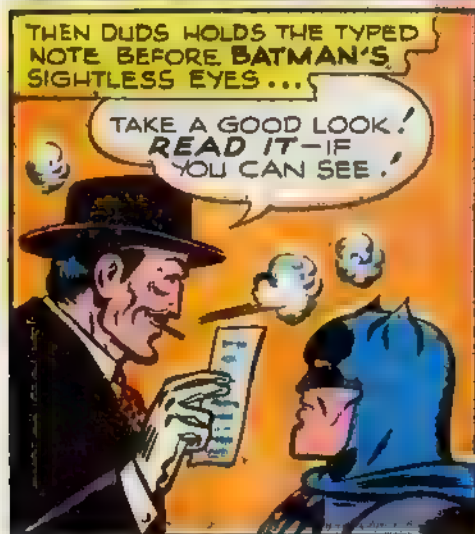


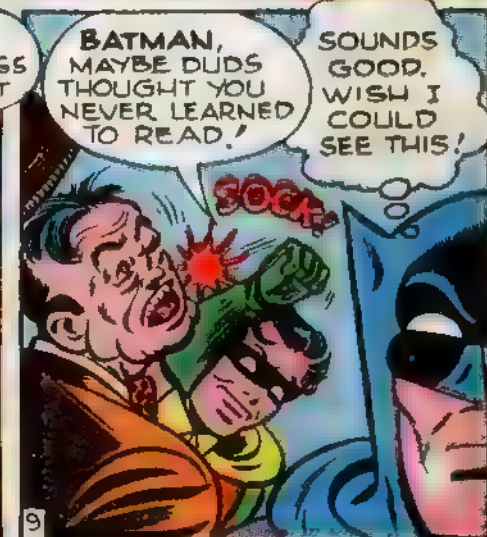
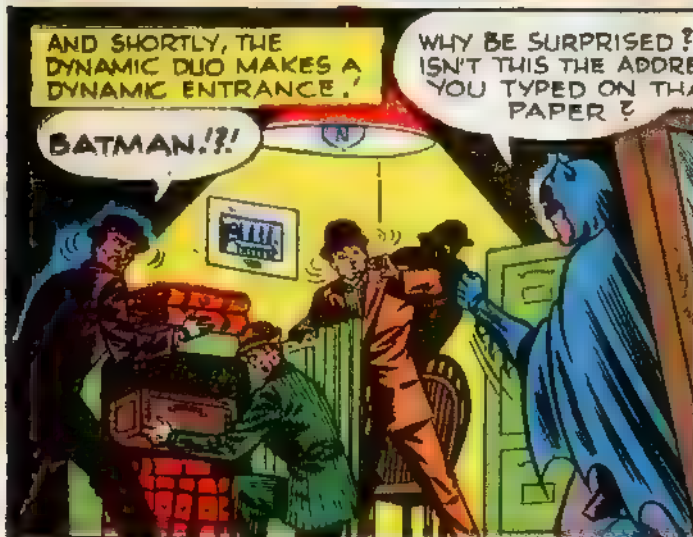
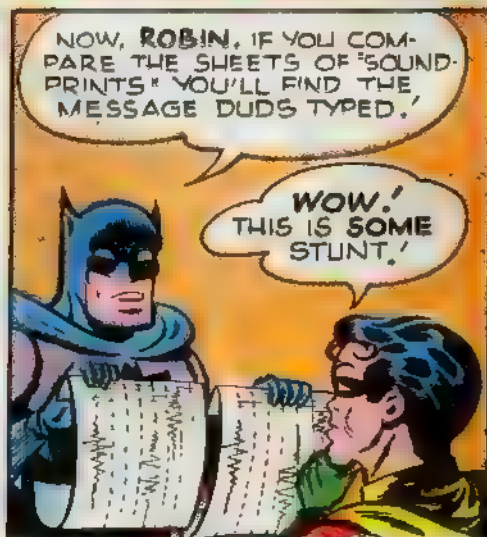
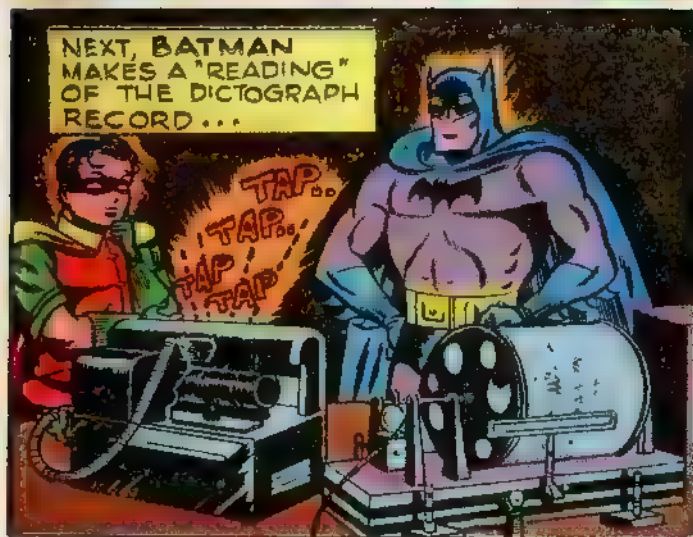
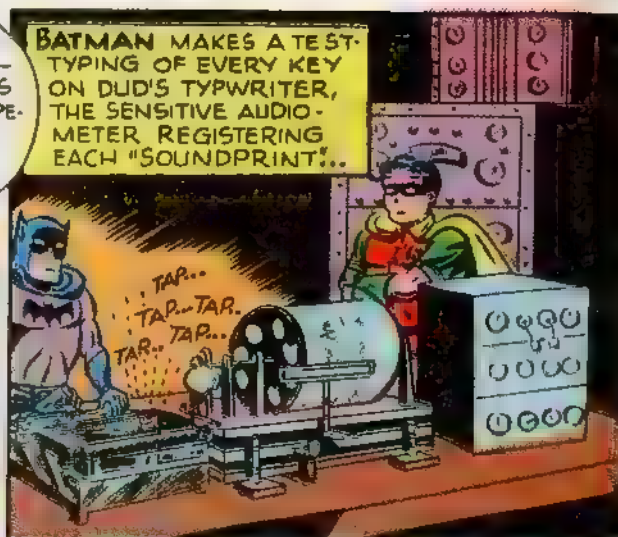
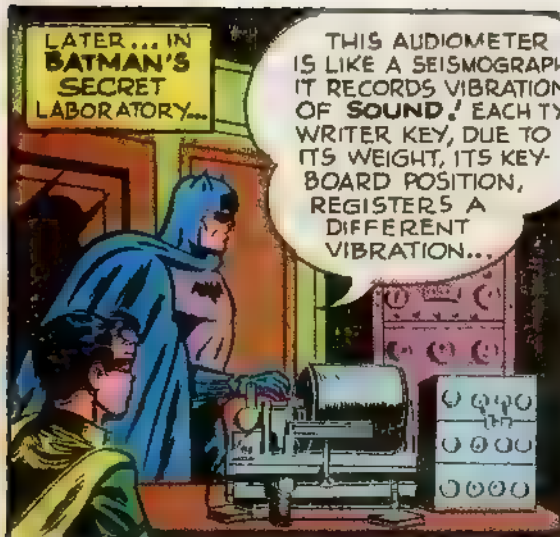














SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIED THUGS MAKE A DASH FOR SAFETY!

BATMAN AIN'T BLIND! LEMME OUTA HERE!

THERE'S OUR CAR!

BATMAN... YOU STAY HERE! I'LL GO AFTER THEM!

AS ROBIN LEAVES, A FIGURE MOVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

WHY DID ROBIN LEAVE YOU BEHIND, BATMAN? IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE BLIND?

ROBIN'S CONCERN IS ODD! DID YOU TRICK ME AGAIN? WELL, THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY TRICKS.

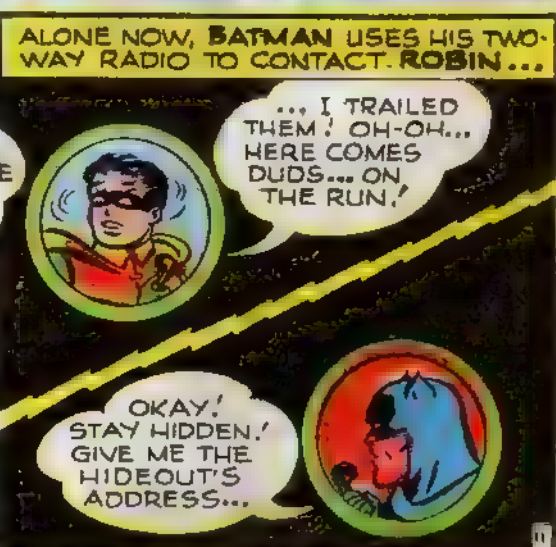
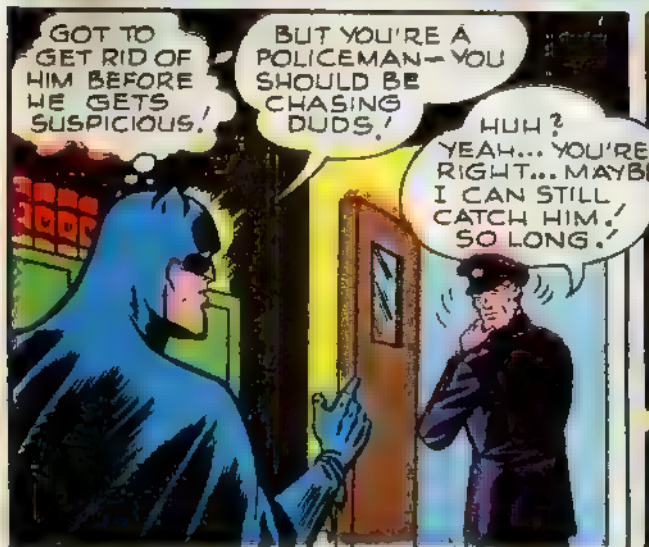
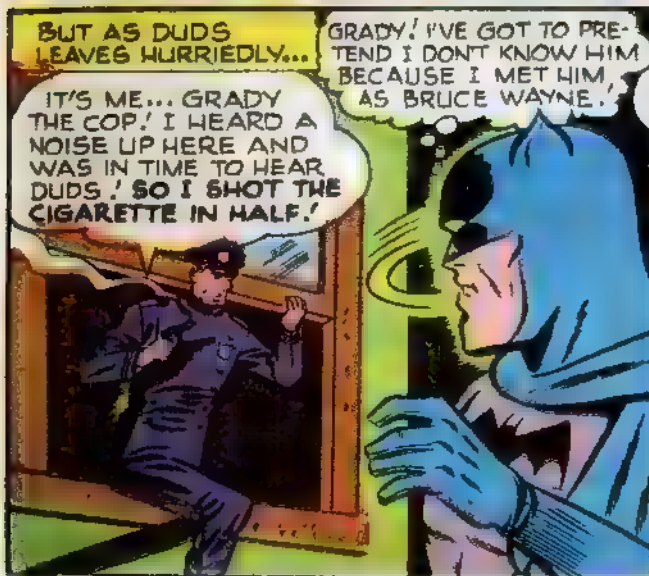
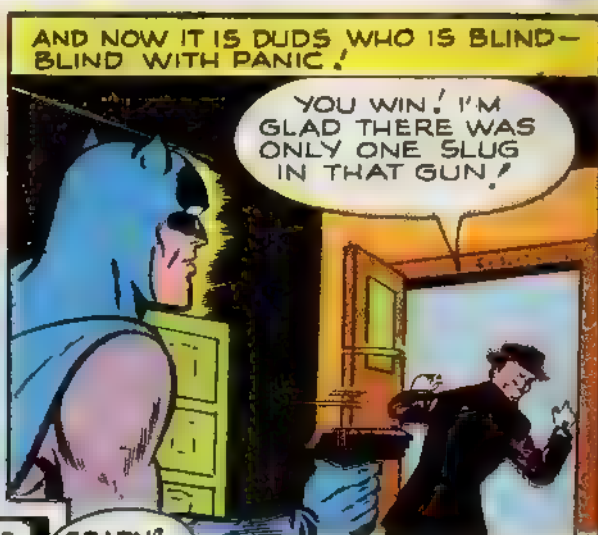
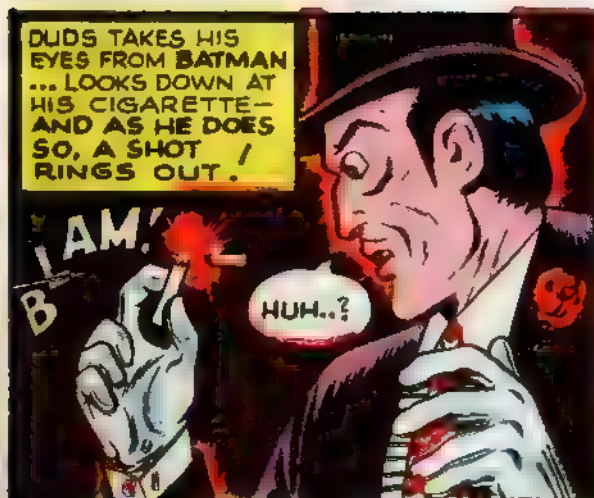
THERE'S MY GUN... IT HAS ONE BULLET IN IT. I DARE YOU TO PICK IT UP, AIM IT AT MY HEART—AND SHOOT.

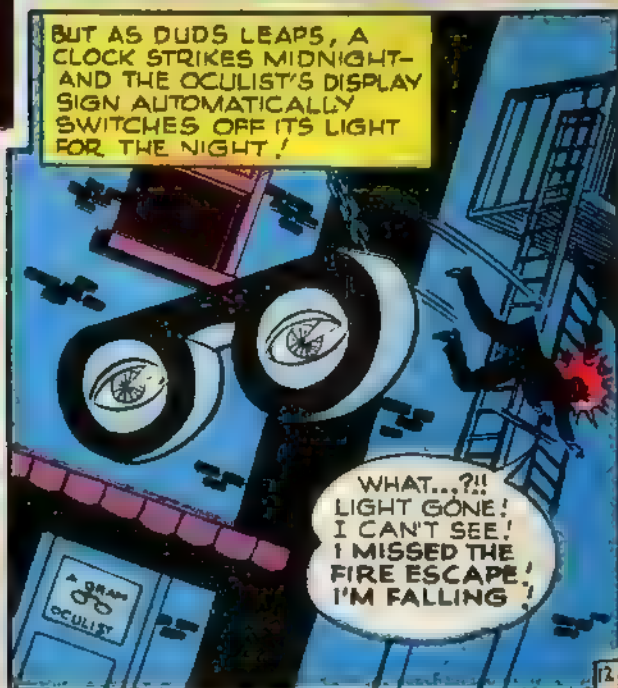
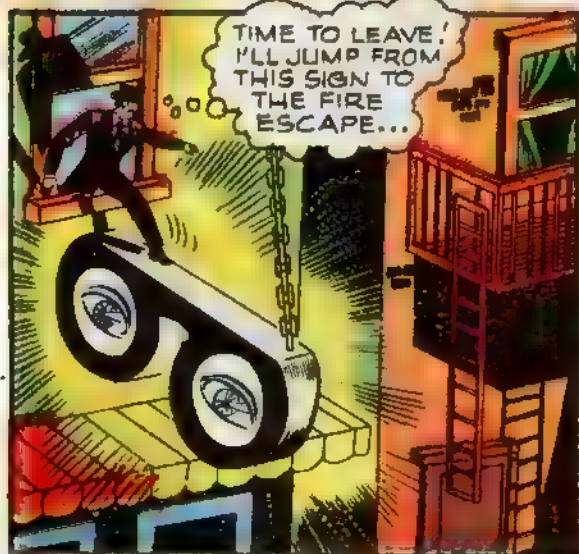
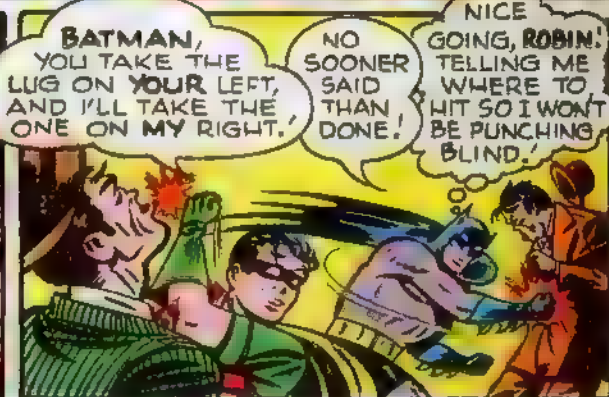
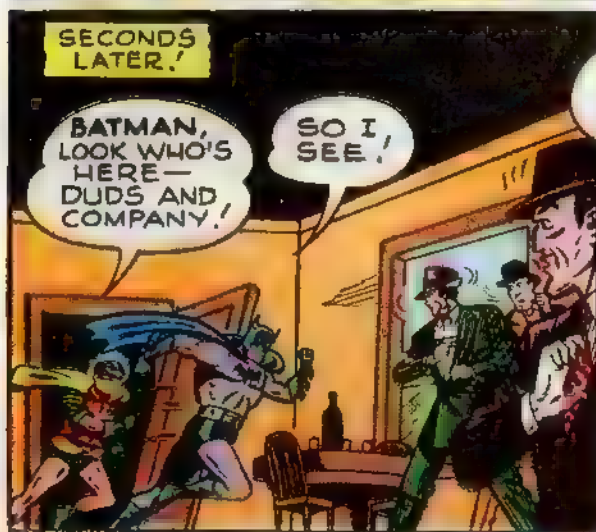
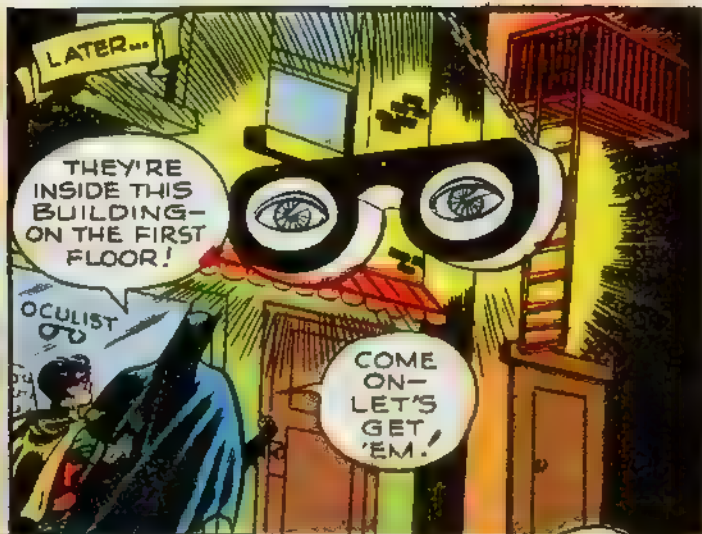
I NEVER KILL... I NEVER USE A GUN... NOT EVEN ON A HOODLUM LIKE YOU! BUT I CAN SHOOT ONE!

I WAS COUNTING ON THAT! BUT YOU CAN PROVE YOU'RE NOT WAYNE... BY SHOOTING A CIGARETTE FROM MY HAND!

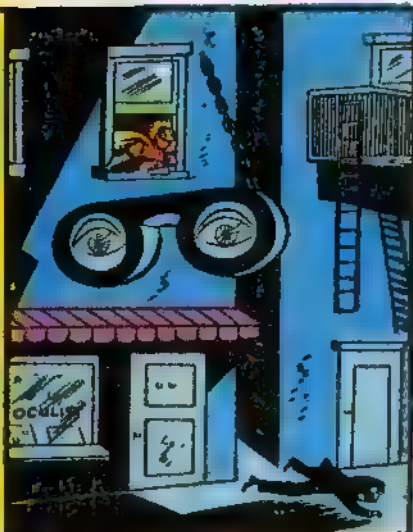
SHOOT! BUT REMEMBER—IF YOU'RE BLUFFING—IF YOU'RE BLIND—YOU'LL MISS AND MIGHT KILL ME. THEN YOU'LL HAVE KILLED A MAN. WILL YOUR MORAL CODE PERMIT THAT RISK?

SHREWD, DUDS. HE KNOWS BATMAN WOULD NOT RISK KILLING ANYONE! BUT IF BATMAN DOES NOT SHOOT, DUDS WILL HAVE PROVED HE IS THE BLIND BRUCE WAYNE! NEVER HAS BATMAN'S CAREFULLY GUARDED IDENTITY BEEN CLOSER TO UNMASKING!





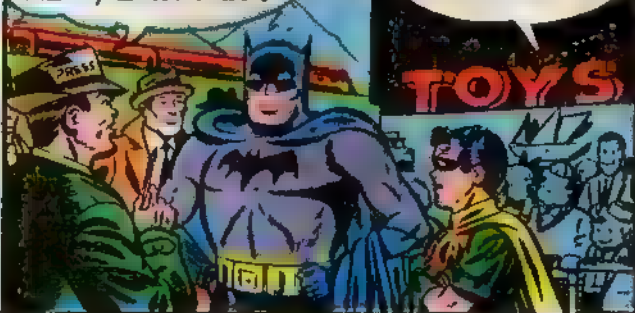
IRONIC FATE—DUDS, WHO TRIED TO TRAP BATMAN BY HIS BLIND EYES, IS HIMSELF TRAPPED BY "EYES" THAT SUDDENLY GO "BLIND"!



NEXT DAY, THE DUO KEEPS A PREVIOUS DATE AT A TOY STORE TO TELL YOUNGSTERS ABOUT THE EVILS OF CRIME...

WE UNDERSTAND DUD'S MEN THOUGHT YOU WERE BRUCE WAYNE—ANY STATEMENT, BATMAN?

GEE...I'D LIKE TO GET ROBIN'S AUTOGRAPH!



SUPPOSE I LET MY ACTIONS ANSWER THAT! WATCH THAT TARGET!

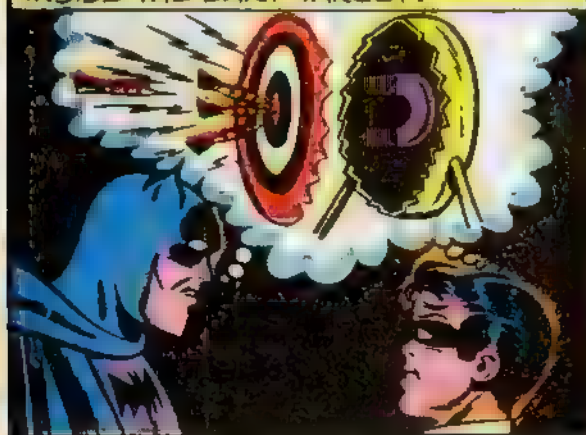


WOW! BULL'S-EYE! ALL OF 'EM! THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME THAT BATMAN IS NOT BRUCE WAYNE!

ME, TOO!



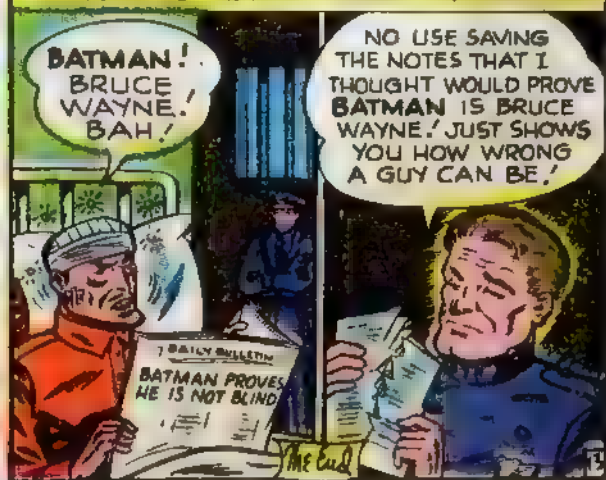
AND BATMAN AND ROBIN GRIN AT EACH OTHER... FOR, ANTICIPATING THIS SITUATION, THEY HAD PUT A POWERFUL MAGNET INSIDE THE DART TARGET!



BATMAN'S SECRET IS SAFE! ALL ARE CONVINCED—EVEN THESE TWO SKEPTICS!

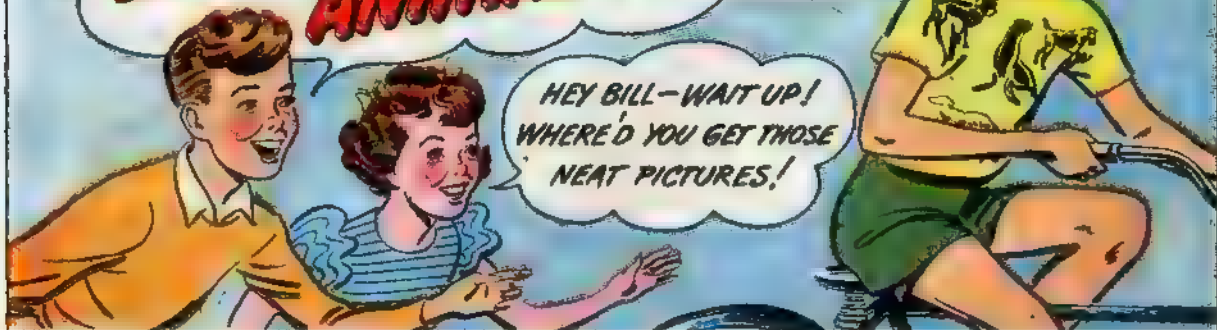
BATMAN! BRUCE WAYNE! BAH!

NO USE SAVING THE NOTES THAT I THOUGHT WOULD PROVE BATMAN IS BRUCE WAYNE! JUST SHOWS YOU HOW WRONG A GUY CAN BE!



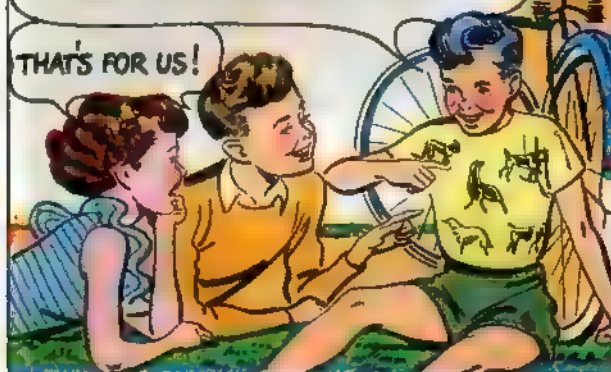
**LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ—
BILL'S ANIMAL PICTURES!**

HEY BILL—WAIT UP!
WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE
NEAT PICTURES!



THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

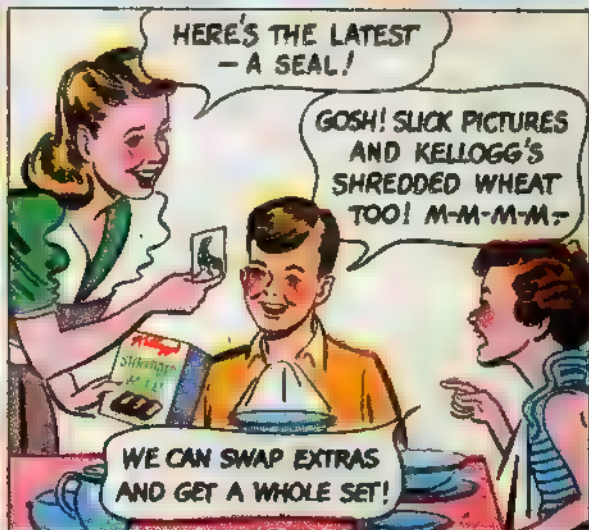
THAT'S FOR US!



HERE'S THE LATEST
— A SEAL!

GOSH! SLICK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M-

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!



GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—

a picture prize in every package!

EASY— Mom just irons 'em on! Come
out sharp and clear—stand many wash-
ings! There's one as a prize in every
package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

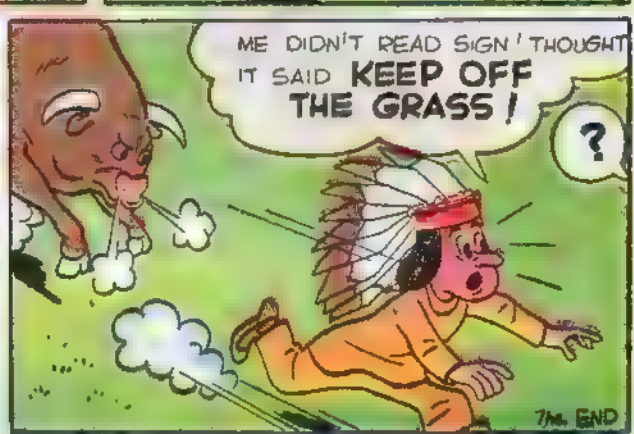
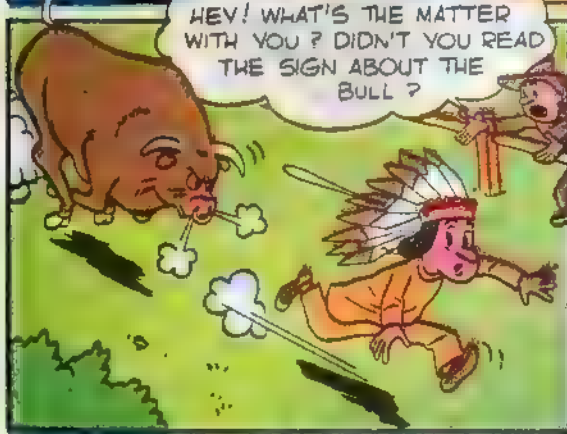


HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

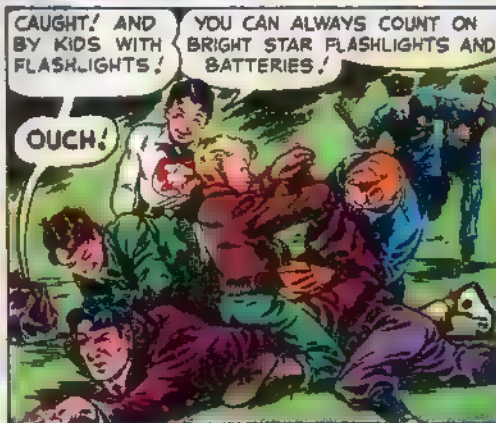
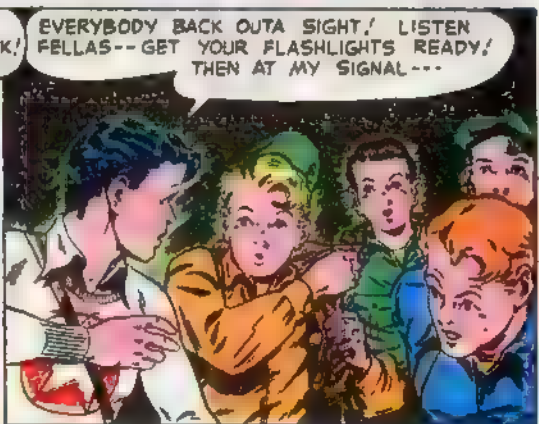
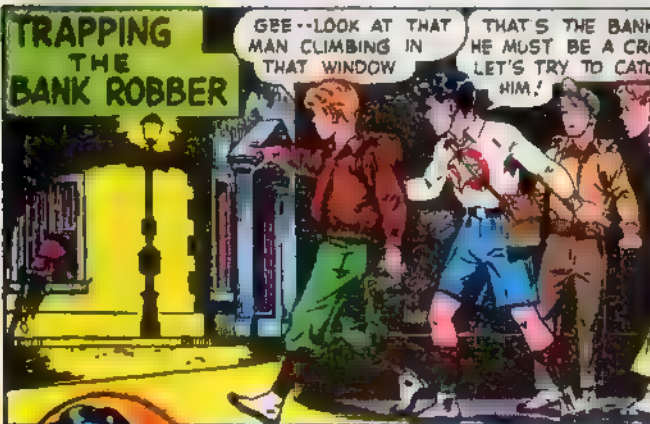


KIDS LOVE IT, MOM!

Full of
that can't-be-copied Kellogg flavor!
Full of good old-fashioned, energy-giv-
ing nourishment, too!



ADVERTISEMENT



DEATH STALK

by Bob Baker

MARC BANE moved silently through the woods, every sense alert. The six-guns he had strapped on only a few minutes ago lay snug on his lithe hips. A leather thong held the holsters firm against his thighs.

Woodcraft was a science with Marc Bane, and he now brought into play all he knew about it. With Indian Charlie on the loose, a man had to keep his senses about him. This was a death stalk, and Marc Bane knew it.

His nervous, questing eyes scanned the ground carefully. Marc Bane knew it would not be easy to pick up Charlie's trail. Even now, the Indian might be watching him, ready to send an arrow of death his way.

From somewhere on his left came the shrill cry of a bird. Marc Bane paused, tense. Was that a signal? He wondered. Does Charlie see me?

For a long moment he stood tense and silent. Then, gradually, he relaxed. He moved forward, eyes on the ground. Suddenly, he stopped and a smile broke the tension in his face. It was only a tiny piece of paper, and it might have gone unnoticed by a stalker less skilled than Marc Bane.

He picked it up, put it in his pocket. "I'm on his trail now!" he told himself exultantly. "And he'll never get away from me!"

Marc Bane's hands stole to his guns, stayed there as he moved forward. To his right a creek burred softly over the rocks. It was cool in the woods, despite the heat of the noonday sun.

As he thought of noon, Marc Bane's

forehead furrowed. He had just remembered something else, something mighty important. For a moment, he considered turning back, then he shook his head. "Just a little more time," he murmured, "that's all I need—a little more time."

There was a sudden noise in the foliage ahead. Quickly, Marc Bane slipped behind a tree. It was quite possible that Indian Charlie, thinking to shake off his pursuer, might double back on his tracks.

Hidden behind the tree, he waited. The guns were, out of their holsters now, hammers cocked.

He breathed a sigh of relief as three people emerged from a dense part of the woods. They carried picnic baskets with them. They were girls, about fourteen years of age.

Marc Bane watched them with cool eyes as they passed on without seeing him. "Picnickers!" He shook his head. "Mighty dangerous for them to be in the woods right now."

Then he stiffened as the words of one of the girls reached him. She was saying:

"I was scared half to death! Imagine—an Indian!"

One of the other girls laughed. "It was all right, Mildred. You could see he had something on his mind. He wasn't interested in us."

Indian! Marc Bane's pulse jumped. Indian Charlie wasn't far away, and, apparently he was moving north, for the picnickers had come from that direction.

"He knows he's being followed now,"

Marc Bane breathed. "And he'll know it's me that's on his trail. Hot on it."

He stepped from behind the tree. The girls had come from approximately north-east. That could mean that Indian Charlie was working his way along the creek.

"And he's probably heading for the cave," Marc Bane exulted, "to wait for me to show up." He could picture it in his mind—Indian Charlie, beady eyes cold, waiting to send an arrow into Marc Bane.

Confident now that he was on the right trail, Marc Bane cut away from the creek. His circuitous course took him over rocks which played hob with his clothing.

He was breathing heavily as he neared his goal. He had come up behind the cave. Now, moving in a half-crouch, carefully, cautiously he inched toward the cave, sure that Indian Charlie was already there.

Marc Bane dropped to his hands and knees as he reached the top of the cave. Below, the brook rushed past and, over the noise of the water, Marc Bane heard a sound—a human, familiar sound.

A sneeze! There was someone in the cave. Indian Charlie!

Marc Bane looked around. Suddenly, something brushed past his legs. He jumped back, as a yellow form streaked past him. A wildcat. He called it a name, under his breath, for startling him.

Then he stiffened, his breath silent in his throat at the more compelling danger that was before him. The feathers on Indian Charlie's headdress were rising up out of the cave. No time now to reach for a gun. Marc Bane knew how fast Indian Charlie could move.

He leaped.

His arms locked around the lithe form of Indian Charlie and the two, the pursuer and the pursued, rolled on the ground. There was a slight slope to the ground and this Marc Bane had not reckoned with as he tried vainly to get his guns.

"Look out," Indian Charlie grunted, "we're going in."

The warning came too late. Arms still locked around each other, they fell into the brook. The cold water knifed through to their skins. They stopped fighting briefly as they struggled to regain their feet, to get up out of the icy water.

Indian Charlie pushed Marc Bane away. He looked at his wet clothes, his bedraggled headdress. Fear was in his eyes, but it was not fear of Marc Bane's guns.

"Golly, Marc," he said, "you shoulda been more careful, jumping on me like that. Now look at us. Boy, will we get it when Mom sees us!" He bent to slap water from his pants. "What time is it?"

Marc Bane brushed water from his eyes. "I think it's way past dinnertime," he said, "and you know Pop." He, too, looked worried. "I—I forgot to get the meat for his lunch."

Suddenly, his face brightened. "Hey, I saw Mrs. Pearce's cat a couple of minutes ago. He must have run away from home. If we can catch him and bring him back, nobody'll say anything. Come on."

Anxiously, the two foes, allied now, hurried in search of the runaway cat.

And at home, Mrs. Bane was saying to her husband: "Bill, I just don't know what to do with those two boys since you gave them those cowboy and Indian suits. They spend all their time in the park!"

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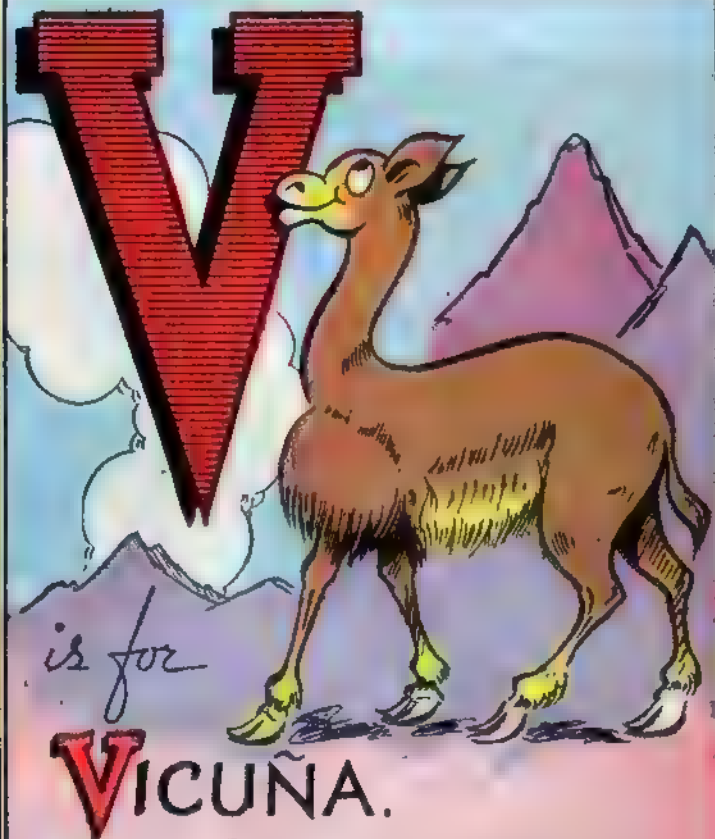
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DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY,
HE RUMINATES ON GRASSES
AND HE SAYS
"NOW THAT AIN'T HAY!"
"AND AS FOR COMIC BOOKS,
MY FRIENDS,
I'LL TELL YOU FOLKS NO LIE—
THE ONES THAT BEAR
THIS GOOD OLD SIGN
ARE THE ONLY ONES TO BUY!"



ON THE COVER OF
BUZZY
FOR EXAMPLE,
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!



BATMAN

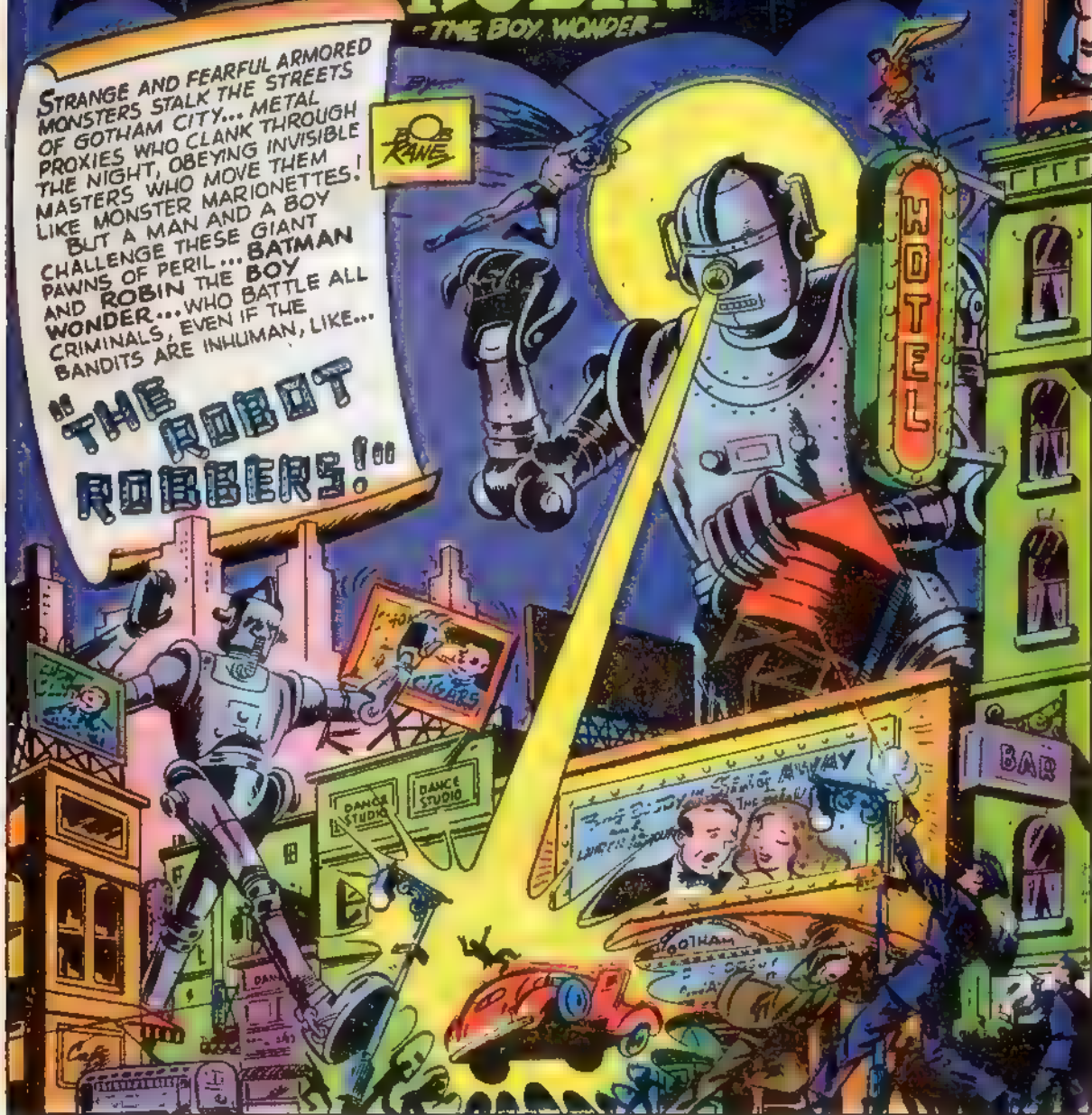


BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

STRANGE AND FEARFUL ARMORED MONSTERS STALK THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY... METAL PROXIES WHO CLANK THROUGH THE NIGHT, OBEYING INVISIBLE MASTERS WHO MOVE THEM LIKE MONSTER MARIONETTES! BUT A MAN AND A BOY CHALLENGE THESE GIANT PAWNS OF PERIL... BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER... WHO BATTLE ALL CRIMINALS, EVEN IF THE BANDITS ARE INHUMAN, LIKE...

"THE ROBOT ROBBERS!"





THIS IS "LIFER'S ROW" IN STATE PRISON, WHERE HARDENED CRIMINALS SERVE A SENTENCE SOME CONSIDER WORSE THAN DEATH—LIFE IMPRISONMENT! MEET JAWBONE BANNON...

THE JUDGE GIMME 99 YEARS! I ONLY GOT 60 YEARS TO GO! AIN'T THAT A LAUGH!



WHITEY DREBS, WHO HAS SERVED 28 YEARS...

I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE OUTSIDE? I'LL BET EVEN THE RACKETS HAVE CHANGED!



AND FOUR-EYES FOLEY!

IT'S BEEN 36 YEARS SINCE I PULLED MY LAST JOB! BUT I AIN'T RUSTY! IF I EVER GET OUT....



THEN ONE DAY COMES A RAY OF HOPE—A SMUGGLED NOTE.

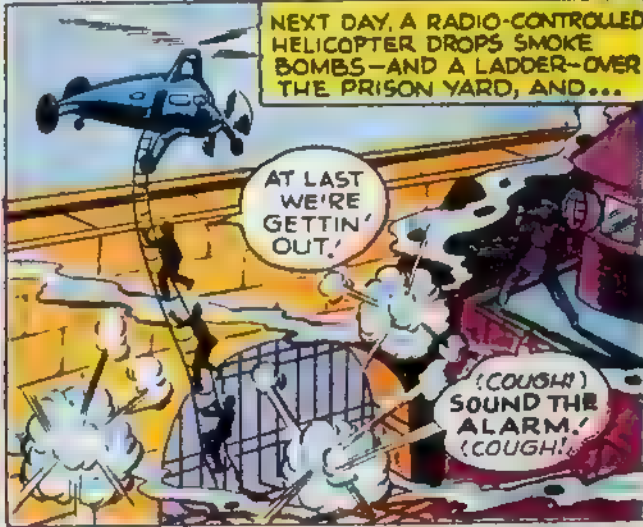
SAY, THIS NOTE SAYS A PLANE'S GONNA SPRING US TOMORROW!

AND WHY IS HE PICKIN' THREE OLD-TIMERS LIKE US?

BUT WHO'S BEHIND IT?



NEXT DAY, A RADIO-CONTROLLED HELICOPTER DROPS SMOKE BOMBS—AND A LADDER—OVER THE PRISON YARD, AND...



AT LAST WE'RE GETTIN' OUT!

(COUGH) SOUND THE ALARM! (COUGH)

THE MYSTERY PLANE TRANSPORTS THE TRIO TO A HUGE ESTATE...

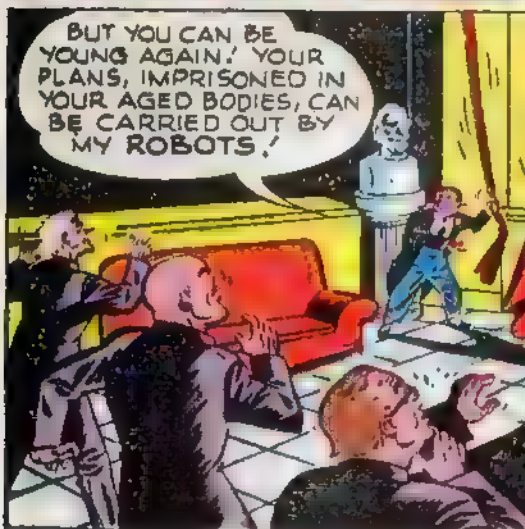
I AM DOCTOR HERCULES—YOUR LIBERATOR! COME IN AND I'LL EXPLAIN WHY I FREED YOU LIFERS.





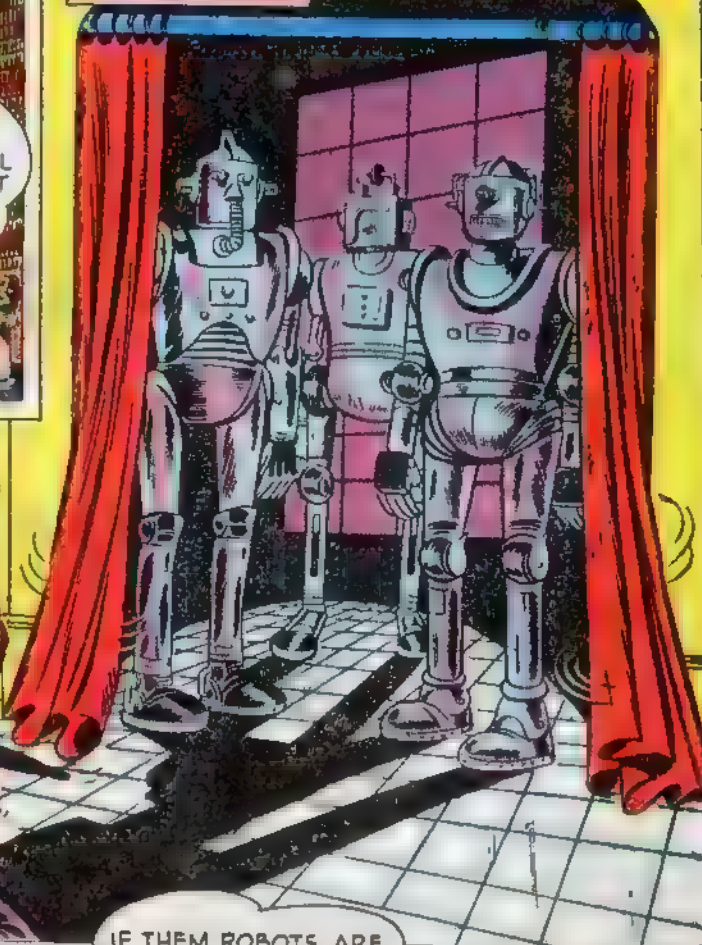
MANY YEARS AGO, YOU THREE WERE TALENTED CRIMINALS - BUT TODAY YOU'RE ALL TOO OLD FOR CRIME!

YEAH! WE GOT SOME SWELL IDEAS, BUT WE'RE RUSTY!

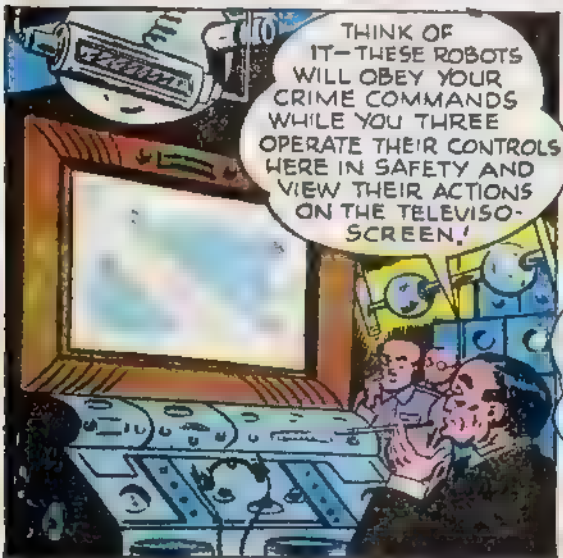


BUT YOU CAN BE YOUNG AGAIN! YOUR PLANS, IMPRISONED IN YOUR AGED BODIES, CAN BE CARRIED OUT BY MY ROBOTS!

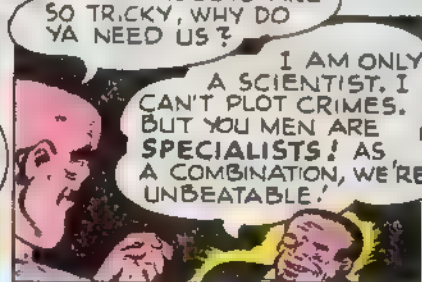
THE MYSTERIOUS DR. HERCULES RAISES A CURTAIN AND REVEALS...



IF THEM ROBOTS ARE SO TRICKY, WHY DO YA NEED US?



THINK OF IT- THESE ROBOTS WILL OBEY YOUR CRIME COMMANDS WHILE YOU THREE OPERATE THEIR CONTROLS HERE IN SAFETY AND VIEW THEIR ACTIONS ON THE TELEVISION-SCREEN!

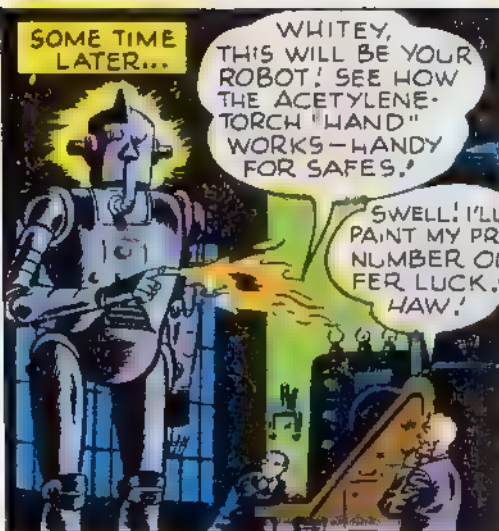


I AM ONLY A SCIENTIST. I CAN'T PLOT CRIMES. BUT YOU MEN ARE SPECIALISTS! AS A COMBINATION, WE'RE UNBEATABLE!

WHITEY, I BELIEVE YOUR SPECIALTY IS STEALING PRECIOUS METALS FROM ODD PLACES?

YEAH! THIS NEWS ITEM I BEEN SAVIN' WILL GIVE YA AN IDEA WHERE WE CAN GET A FORTUNE IN SILVER!

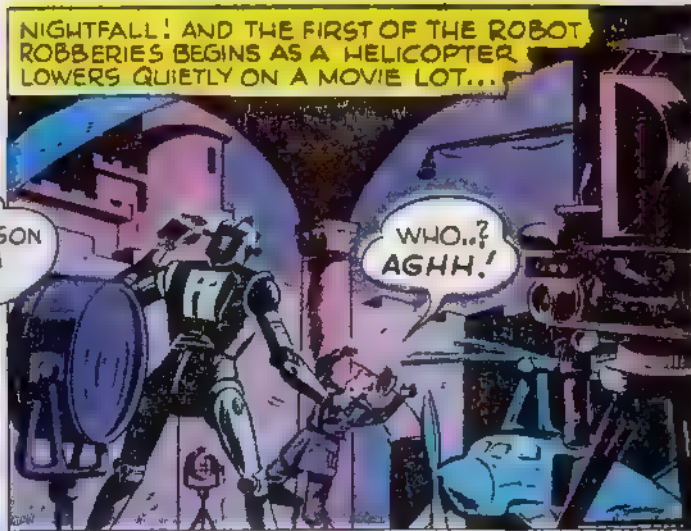
SILVER "MINE" IN STUDIO!
HYPO SOLUTION DIS-
SOLVES SILVER FROM
SILVER NITRATE ON
OLD FILMS. ONE MORE
STUDIO SALVAGES
\$50,000 IN SILVER
FROM THE HYPO
EVERY SIX MONTHS!



SOME TIME LATER...

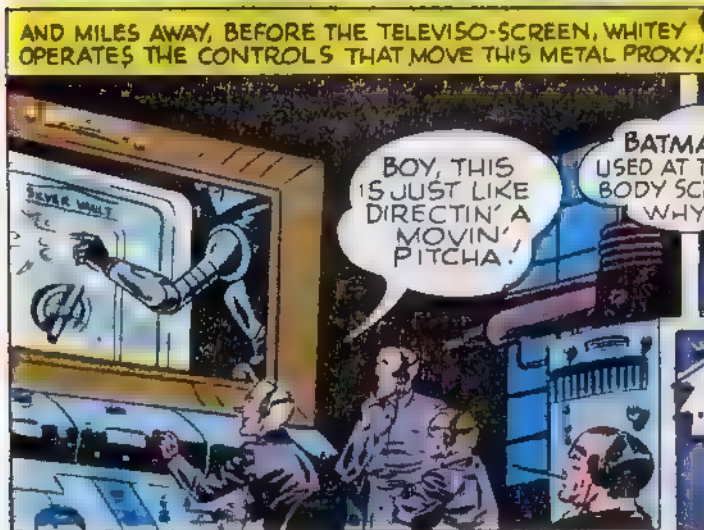
WHITEY, THIS WILL BE YOUR ROBOT! SEE HOW THE ACETYLENE-TORCH "HAND" WORKS—HANDY FOR SAFES!

SWELL! I'LL PAINT MY PRISON NUMBER ON FER LUCK! HAW!



NIGHTFALL! AND THE FIRST OF THE ROBOT ROBBERIES BEGINS AS A HELICOPTER LOWERS QUIETLY ON A MOVIE LOT...

WHO..? AGHH!



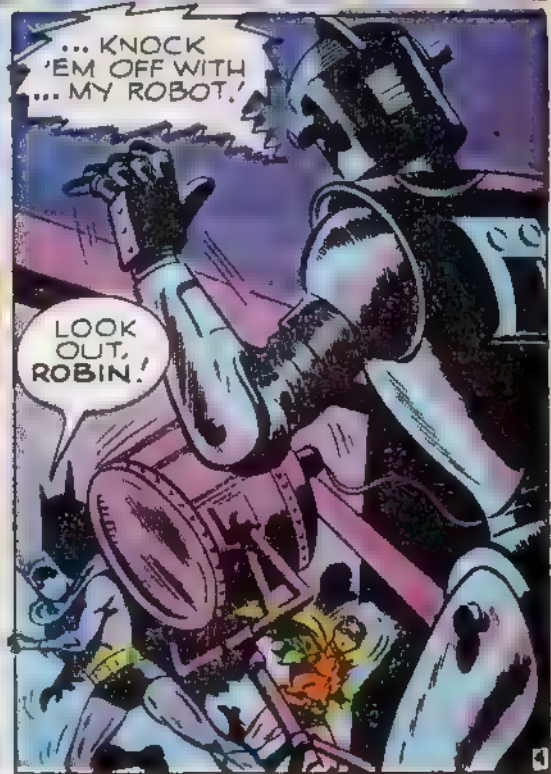
AND MILES AWAY, BEFORE THE TELEVISIO-SCREEN, WHITEY OPERATES THE CONTROLS THAT MOVE THIS METAL PROXY!

BOY, THIS IS JUST LIKE DIRECTIN' A MOVIN' PITCHA!

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO WALLS—THE CRUISING BATMOBILE!

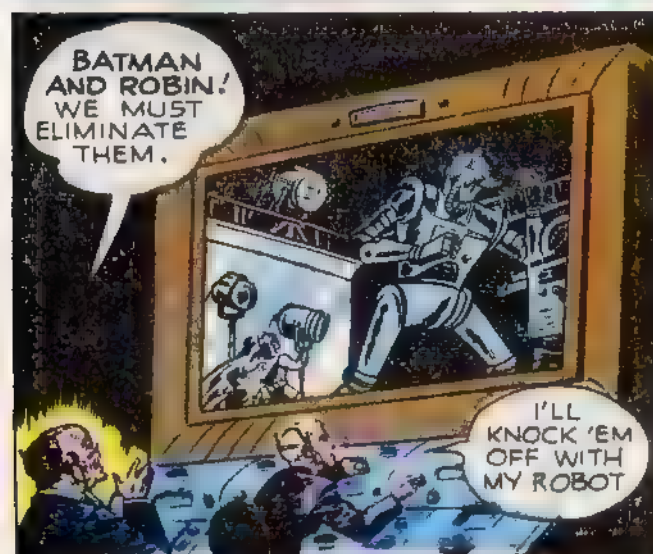
BATMAN, THE STUDIO ISN'T USED AT THIS HOUR, YET SOMEBODY SCREAMED! WHY?

LET'S FIND OUT, ROBIN!



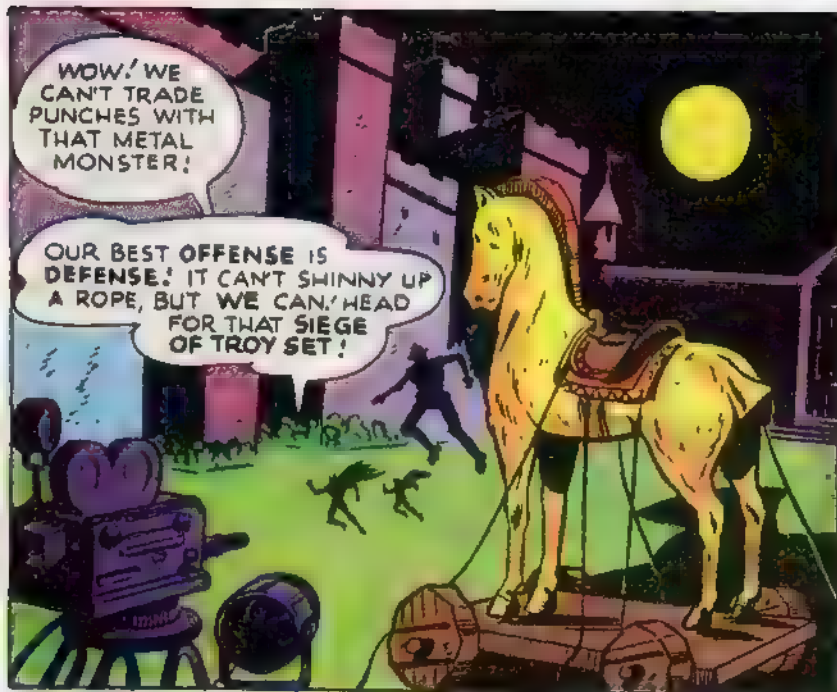
... KNOCK 'EM OFF WITH MY ROBOT!

LOOK OUT, ROBIN!



BATMAN AND ROBIN! WE MUST ELIMINATE THEM.

I'LL KNOCK 'EM OFF WITH MY ROBOT



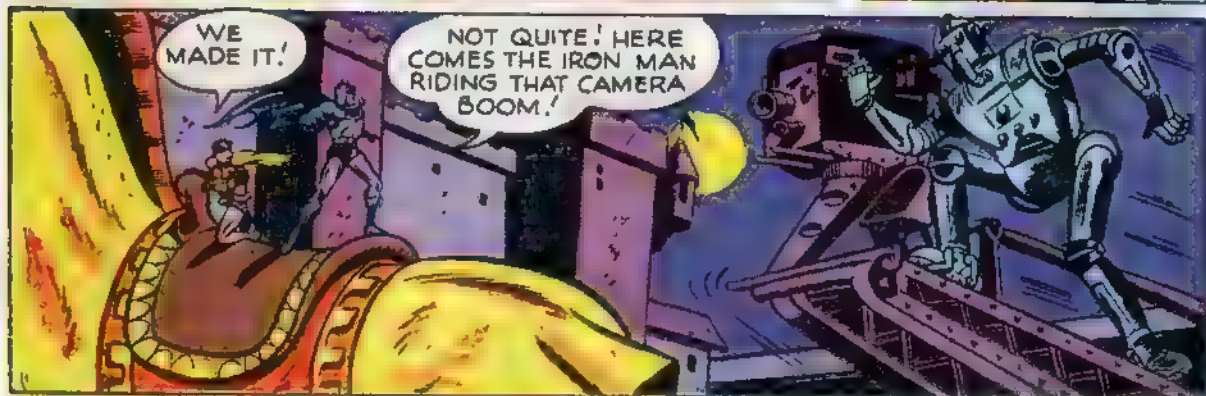
WOW! WE CAN'T TRADE PUNCHES WITH THAT METAL MONSTER!

OUR BEST OFFENSE IS DEFENSE! IT CAN'T SHINNY UP A ROPE, BUT WE CAN! HEAD FOR THAT SIEGE OF TROY SET!



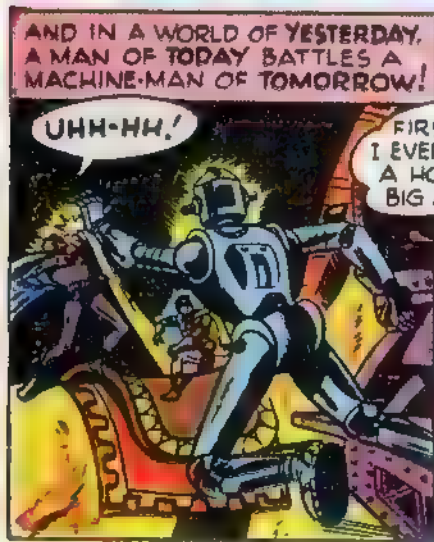
LIKE NIMBLE ACROBATS, THE DYNAMIC DUO CLAMBERS UP THE REPLICA OF THE FAMED TROJAN HORSE...

IT'S SETTING FIRE TO THE ROPES! HURRY!



WE MADE IT!

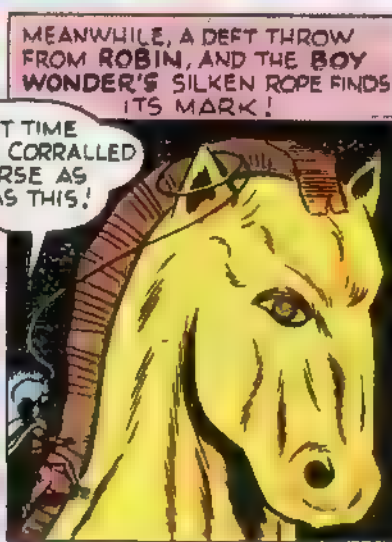
NOT QUITE! HERE COMES THE IRON MAN RIDING THAT CAMERA BOOM!



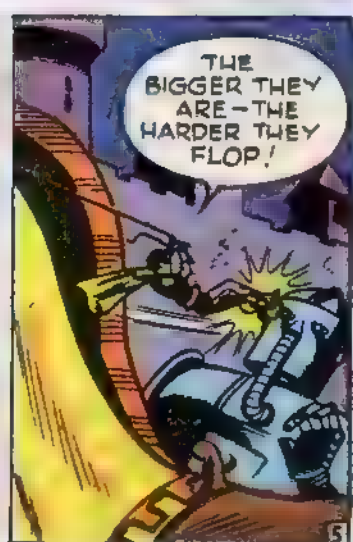
AND IN A WORLD OF YESTERDAY, A MAN OF TODAY BATTLES A MACHINE-MAN OF TOMORROW!

UHH-HH!

FIRST TIME I EVER CORRALLED A HORSE AS BIG AS THIS!



MEANWHILE, A DEFT THROW FROM ROBIN, AND THE BOY WONDER'S SILKEN ROPE FINDS ITS MARK!

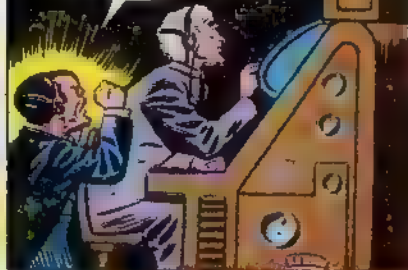


THE BIGGER THEY ARE - THE HARDER THEY FLOP!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT DR. HERCULES' CRIME CITADEL...

THE WHOLE SET IS BURNING! YOU MUST SAVE YOUR ROBOT. QUICKLY, YOU, FOOL—SEND THE HELICOPTER TO HIM!



RADIO-CONTROLLED RESCUE FOR A ROBOT!

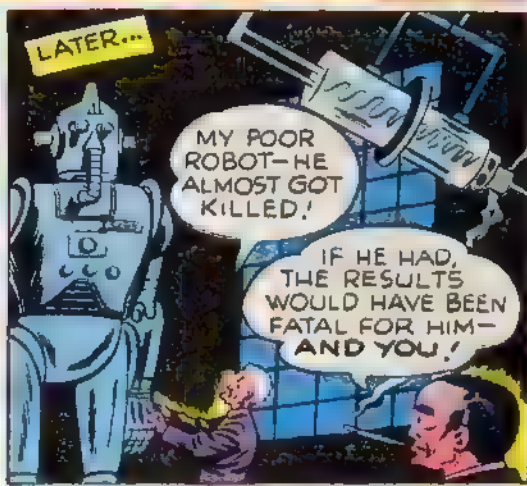
ROBIN, JUMP—THE HORSE IS FALLING!



LATER...

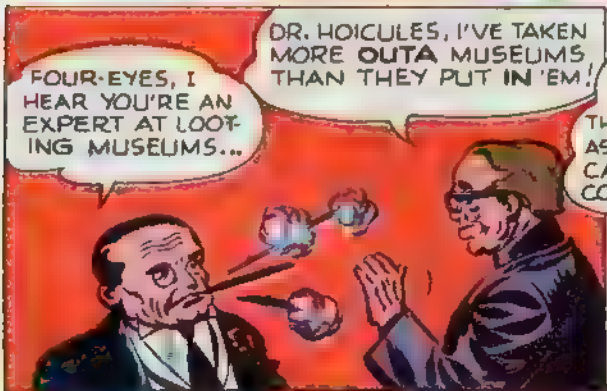
MY POOR ROBOT—HE ALMOST GOT KILLED!

IF HE HAD, THE RESULTS WOULD HAVE BEEN FATAL FOR HIM—AND YOU!



FOUR-EYES, I HEAR YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT LOOTING MUSEUMS...

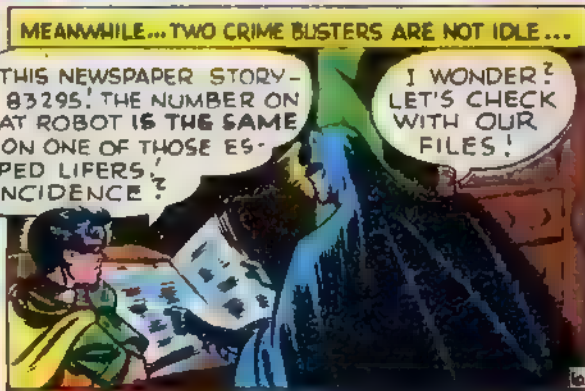
DR. HOICULES, I'VE TAKEN MORE OUTA MUSEUMS THAN THEY PUT IN 'EM!



MEANWHILE...TWO CRIME BUSTERS ARE NOT IDLE...

THIS NEWSPAPER STORY—83295! THE NUMBER ON THAT ROBOT IS THE SAME AS ON ONE OF THOSE ESCAPED LIFERS! COINCIDENCE?



I WONDER? LET'S CHECK WITH OUR FILES!





FROM THE BATMAN'S
INGENIOUS FILES THAT
CONTAIN THOUSANDS
OF CRIME HISTORIES
ON MICRO-FILM...

CASE # 1245 ROGUES GALLERY

NAME: GEORGE FOLEY AL AS FOUR EYE
WEIGHT: 5 FT 8 IN WEIGHT 65 LBS
TRADE MARK: SPEC ALTY 3 MUSEUMS
OULPA LOUNTERFEY T BILLS
ON GEMS TO DRAIN CROWDS
AND DIVERT GUARDS WHILE
HE ESCAPES

SUDDENLY...
POLICE
ALARMS!

FOUR-
EYES!

CALLING CAR
18. ROBOT IN
GOTHAM MUSEUM!
GUARDS STOPPED
BY CROWDS
FIGHTING FOR
SPILLED
GEMS!

THE METEORIC SPEED OF
THE BATMOBILE
BEATS THE POLICE CAR
TO THE SCENE WHERE...

HE COULDN'T
GET THROUGH
THAT MOB SO
HE'LL HEAD FOR
THE REAR!
COME ON!

WOW!
FREE
JEWELS!

DIAMONDS!
FINDERS
KEEPERS!

A SURPRISE THAT'S
GOING TO KNOCK THAT
ROBOT RIGHT OFF
HIS FEET!

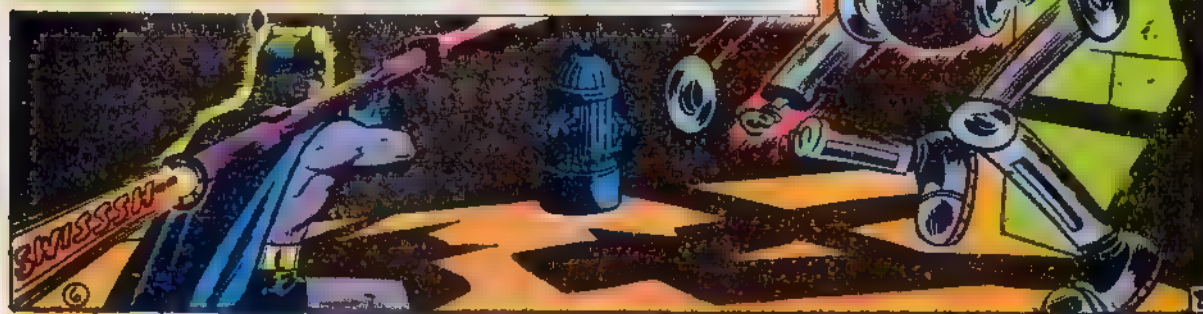
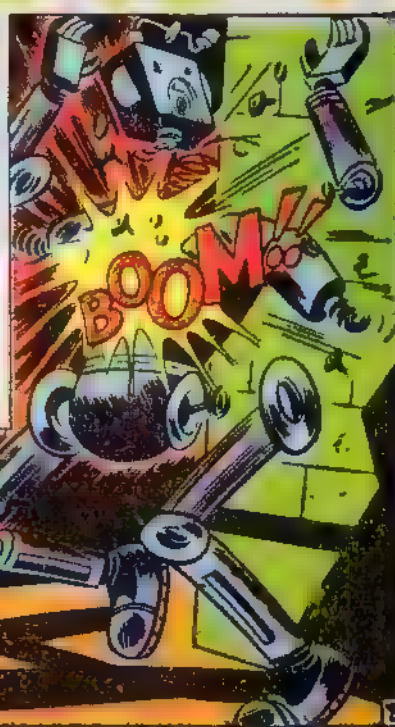
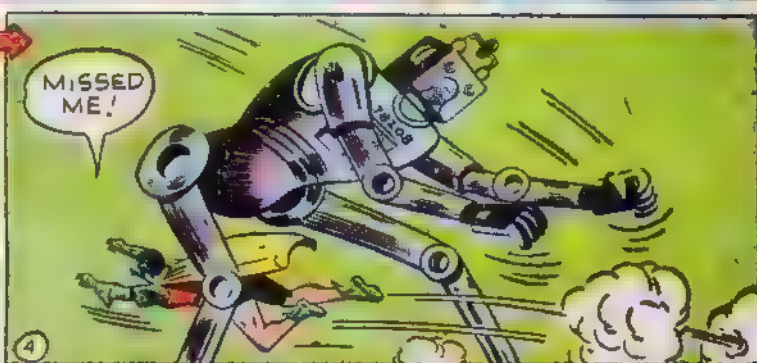
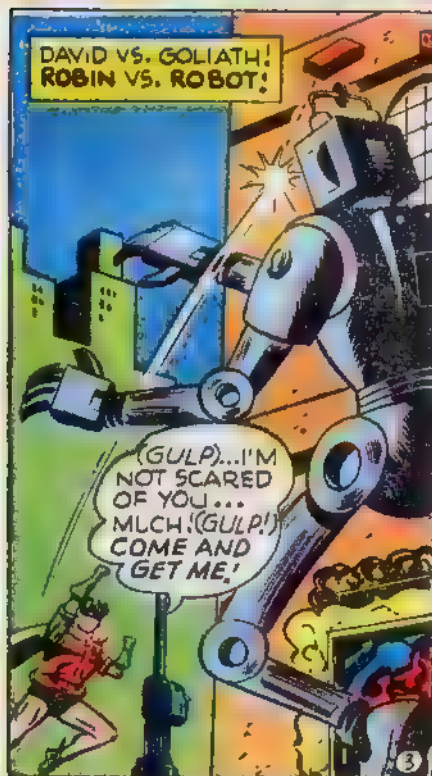
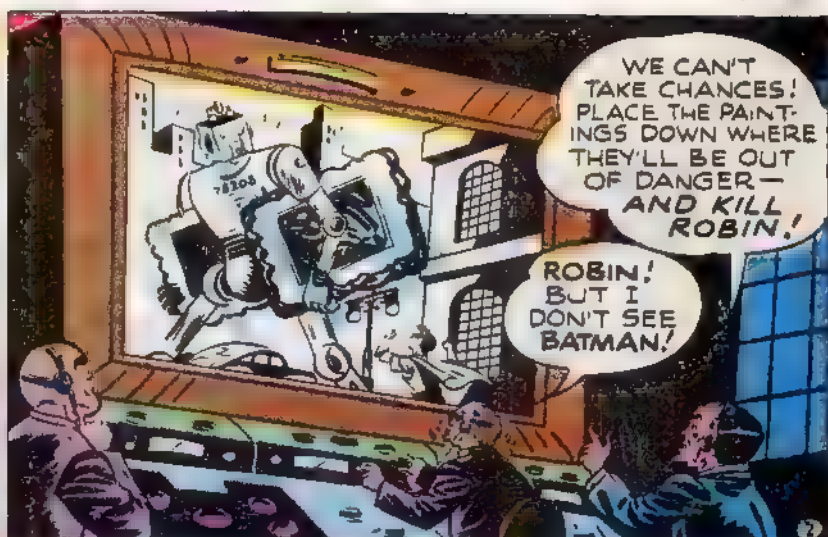
WHAT'S
IN THAT
PACKAGE?

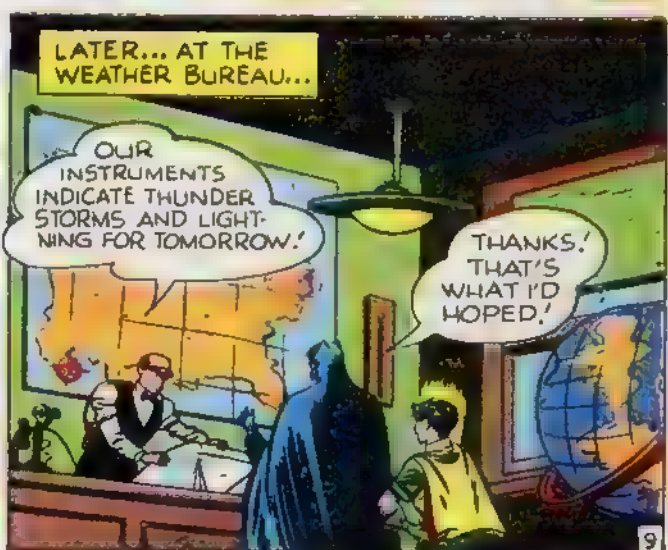
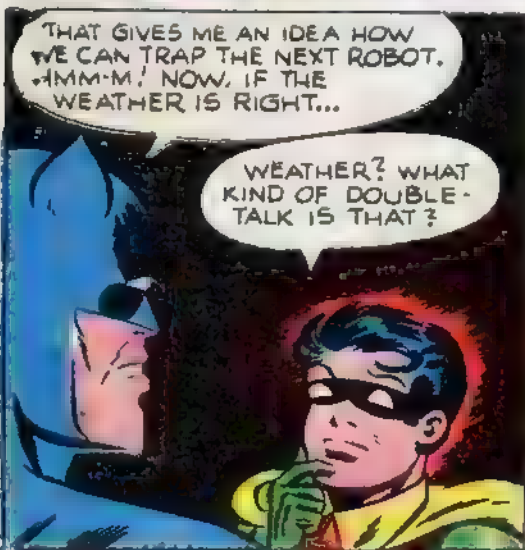
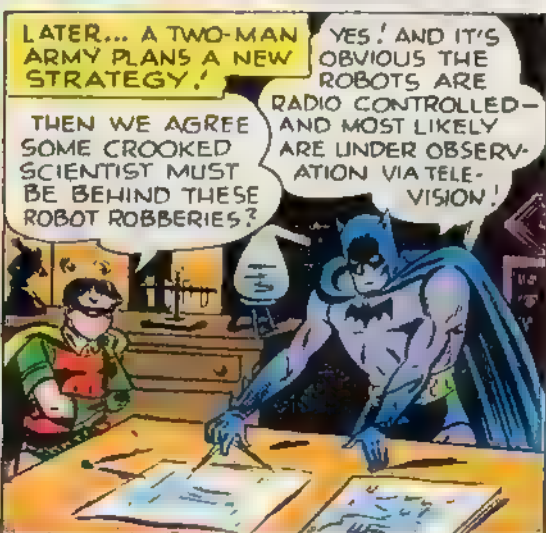
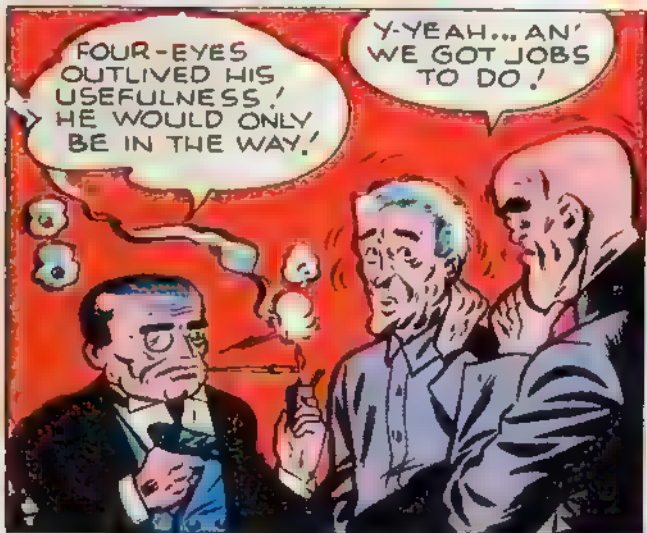
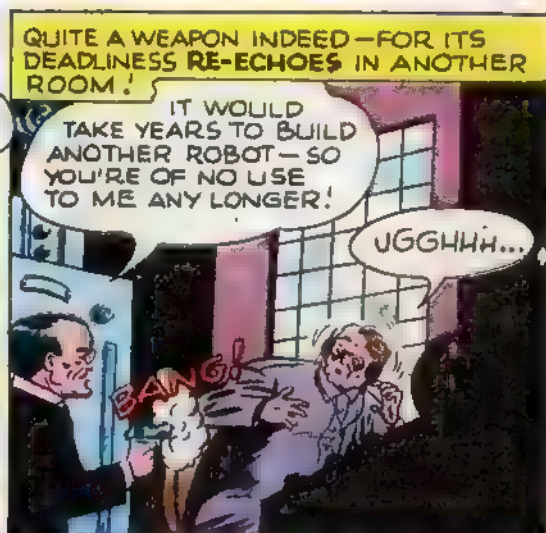
THIS LITTLE
TANK-BUSTER IS
JUST THE THING
FOR THAT METAL
MARIONETTE!

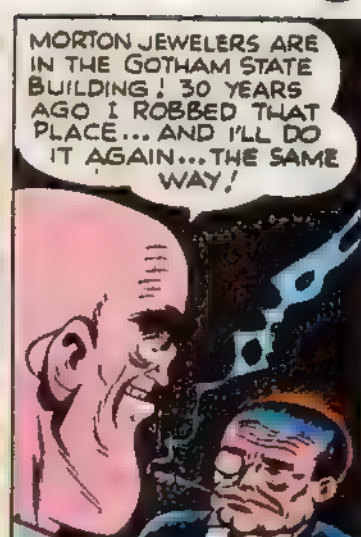
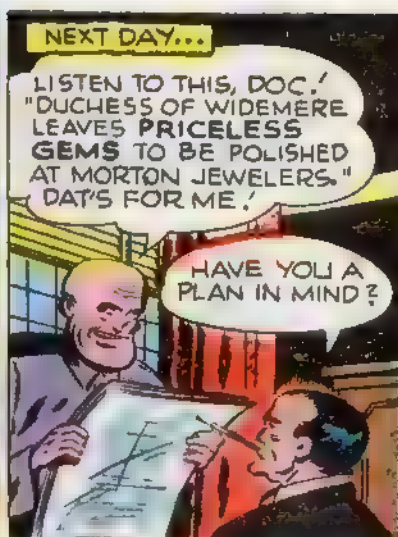
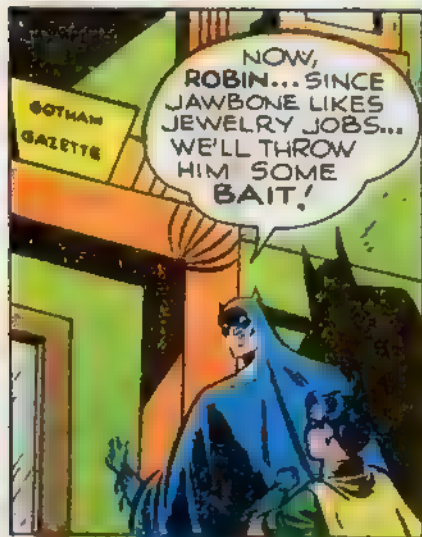
A
BAZOOKA!

HERE
HE
COMES!
GET SET!

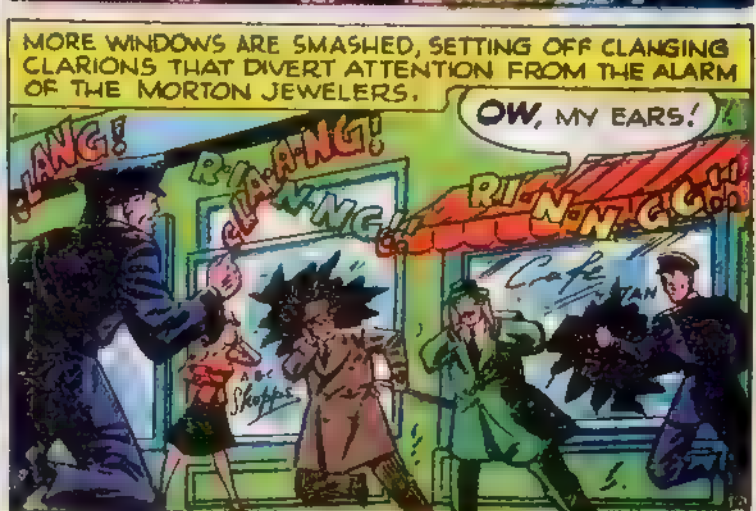
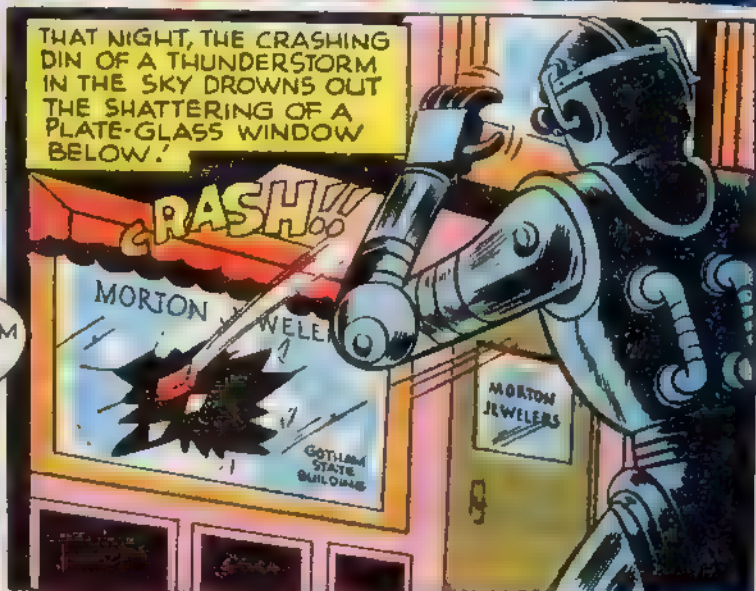
WAIT! I CAN'T SHOOT
WHILE HE'S HOLDING
THOSE PRICELESS
MUSEUM
PAINTINGS!







ATOP THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING, A NEW ANTENNA FOR A TELEVISION STATION IS BEING ERECTED...





PRESENTLY, IN THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR ROCKETING UP TO THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING'S OBSERVATION TOWER...

30 YEARS AGO, AFTER I GOT THE SWAG, THERE WAS A SMALL BLIMP WAITIN' FER ME GETAWAY... NOW THERE'LL BE A HELICOPTER, BUT THE TECHNIQUE'S THE SAME! HA! HA!

BUT ALSO WAITING ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

GREETINGS!



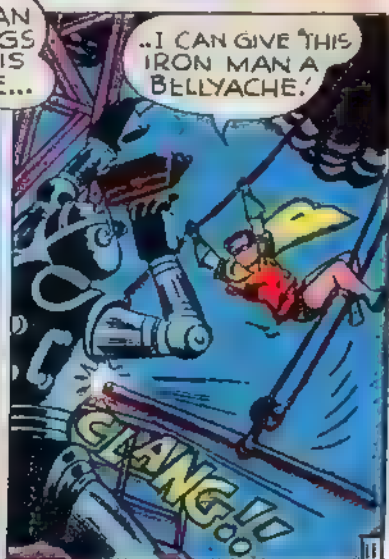
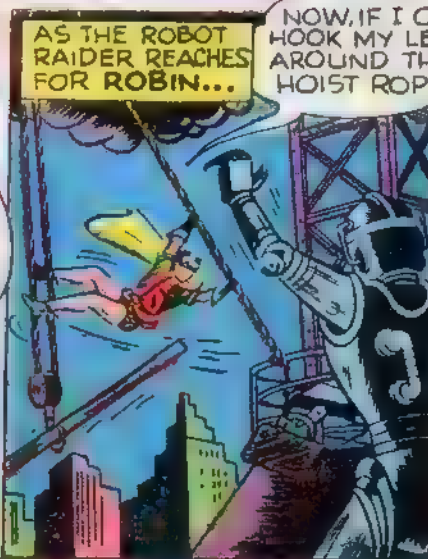
WHAT'LL I DO? THOSE TWO MEDDLERS ARE HERE AGAIN!

GET THE ROBOT TO THE PLANE! IF BATMAN AND ROBIN INTERFERE—DESTROY THEM!

AS THE ROBOT RAIDER REACHES FOR ROBIN...

NOW, IF I CAN HOOK MY LEGS AROUND THIS HOIST ROPE...

...I CAN GIVE THIS IRON MAN A BELLYACHE!





BACK AT THE
CONTROL
ROOM...

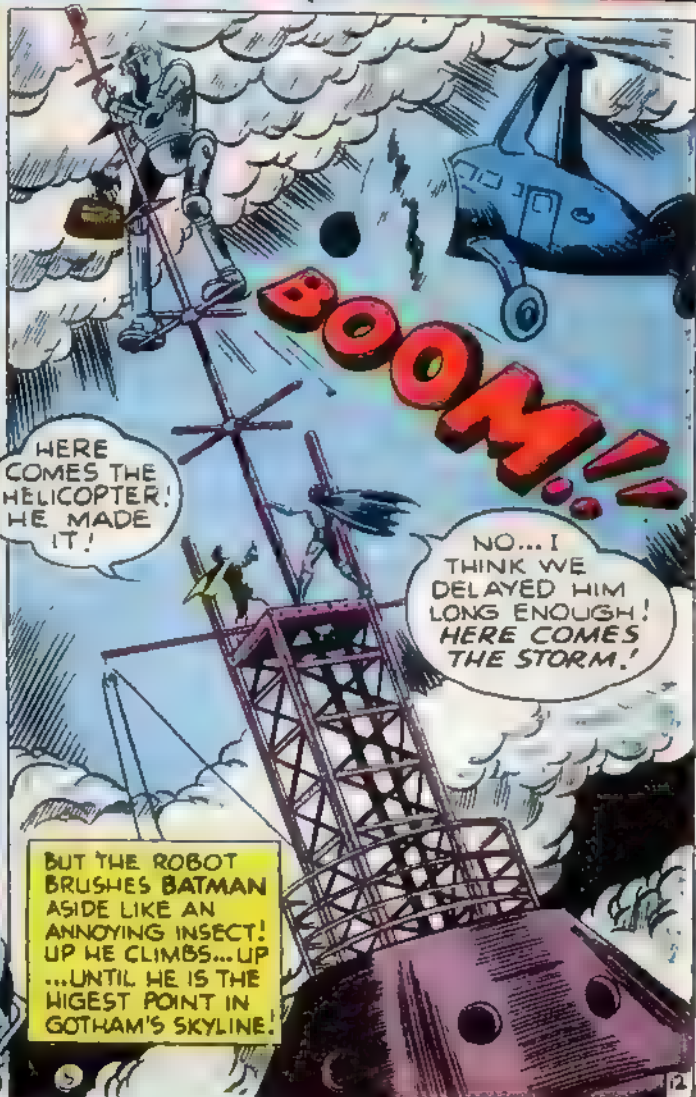
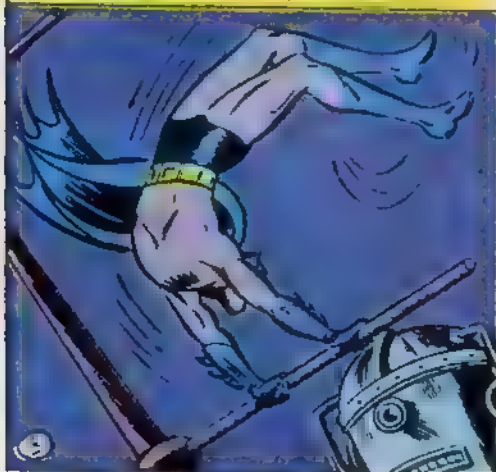
ANOTHER
BLOW LIKE THAT
COULD INJURE THE
ROBOT'S DELICATE
MECHANISM; FOR-
GET ROBIN...
GET YOUR ROBOT
CLIMBING!



AND AS THE ROBOT CLIMBS,
OMINOUS CLOUDS GATHER
IN THE FROWNING SKY
AND THUNDER BOOMS
NEARER...



NOW THE ACROBATMAN SPINS ON
THE SLIM, SKY-HIGH, CROSS-BAR...



HERE
COMES THE
HELICOPTER!
HE MADE
IT!

NO... I
THINK WE
DELAYED HIM
LONG ENOUGH!
HERE COMES
THE STORM!

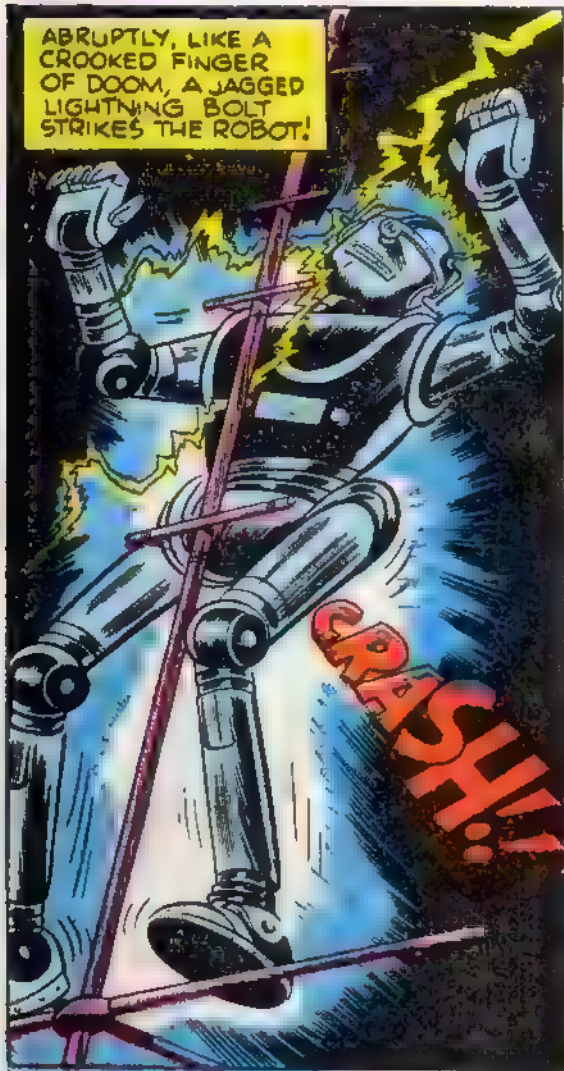
BUT THE ROBOT
BRUSHES BATMAN
ASIDE LIKE AN
ANNOYING INSECT!
UP HE CLIMBS... UP
...UNTIL HE IS THE
HIGHEST POINT IN
GOTHAM'S SKYLINE!

MAYBE
THIS WILL SLOW
YOU UP A LITTLE..
METAL MAN!

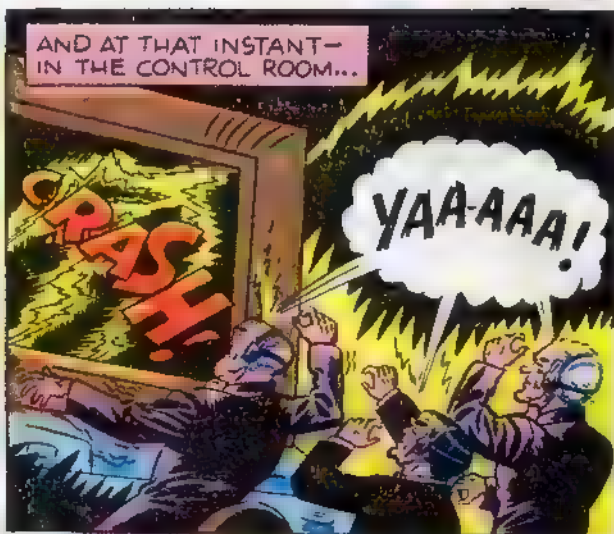




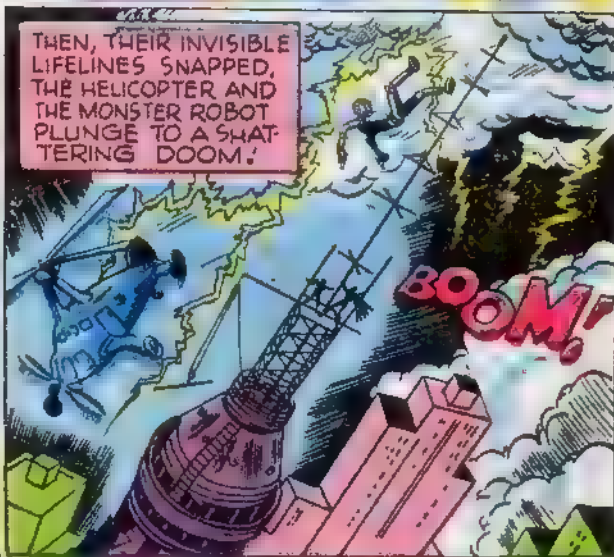
ABRUPTLY, LIKE A CROOKED FINGER OF DOOM, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE ROBOT!



AND AT THAT INSTANT— IN THE CONTROL ROOM...



THEN, THEIR INVISIBLE LIFELINES SNAPPED, THE HELICOPTER AND THE MONSTER ROBOT PLUNGE TO A SHATTERING DOOM!



LATER, BATMAN EXPLAINS...

I KNEW JAWBONE'S METHOD OF CRIME SO I HAD TO LURE HIS ROBOT HERE DURING A LIGHTNING STORM!

BUT WHY WERE YOU SURE THE LIGHTNING WOULD HIT THE ROBOT?

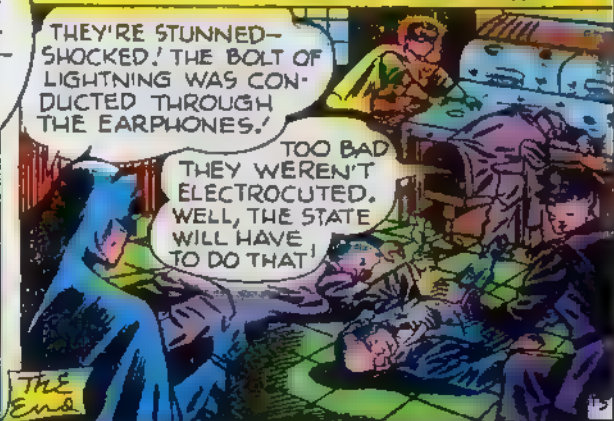
LIGHTNING INVARIABLY SEEKS THE TALLEST POINT IN THE CITY—AND GOTHAM'S HIGHEST POINT IS THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING—ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A STEEL ROBOT ON ITS ANTENNA!



LATER, BY CHECKING SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE HELICOPTER PARTS, THE PURCHASES ARE TRACED TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR HERCULES...

THEY'RE STUNNED—SHOCKED! THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS CONDUCTED THROUGH THE EARPHONES!

TOO BAD THEY WEREN'T ELECTROCUTED. WELL, THE STATE WILL HAVE TO DO THAT!



COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post's Cereal Circus now ready! Shoot the little man from the cannon! Make the lively black leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS and a GRAPE-NUTS BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—wait, wait, wait till you get your hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little man from a cannon. The lively black leopard does real somersaults. There are cowboys, and bronchos that sure-enough buck! And that's not all.

You also get a fat lady, an India rubber man, a bearded lady, a

strong man, a thin man, a clown, animal trainers, tigers, lions, a giraffe, a steer, a performers' platform, and a racing runway.

All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to cut or paste. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the malty-sweet, sugarroasted cereal that tastes like more. Rush your box top and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS CIRCUS, Ring No. 3.

POST'S CEREALS CIRCUS
Box 259-B, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here's my box top. Here's my dime. Send me the big Circus Ring No. 3.

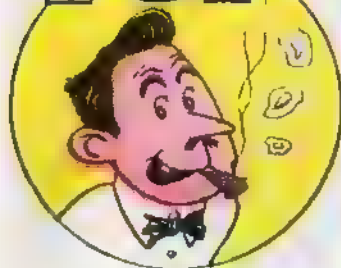
NAME _____
STREET & NO. _____
CITY _____ STATE _____





PLAYFUL

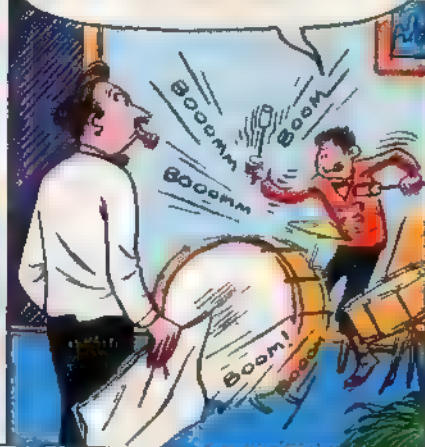
POP



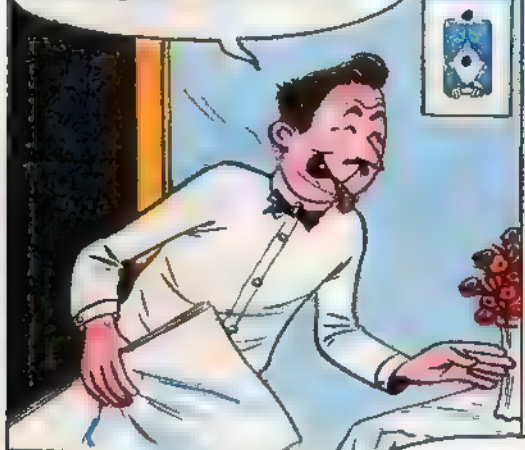
LISTEN, POP THIS IS AN IMITATION OF A TRAIN..



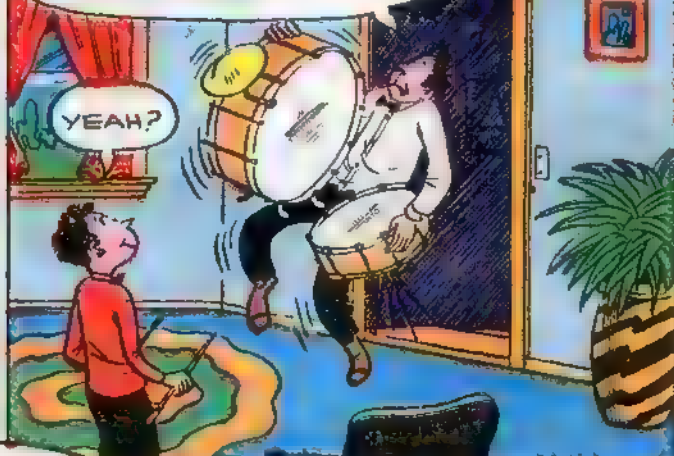
AND THIS IS WHAT THE BIG GUNS ON A BATTLESHIP SOUND LIKE.



NOT BAD. LET ME SHOW YOU MY IMITATION OF A VIOLENT TORNADO.



I'LL BACK UP A LITTLE. IT SOUNDS BETTER AT A DISTANCE...



YEAH?

GEE, POP, THAT SOUNDED LIKE AN IMITATION OF A MAN FALLING DOWN STAIRS!



I JUST DID!



LEARN

INSIDE BASEBALL

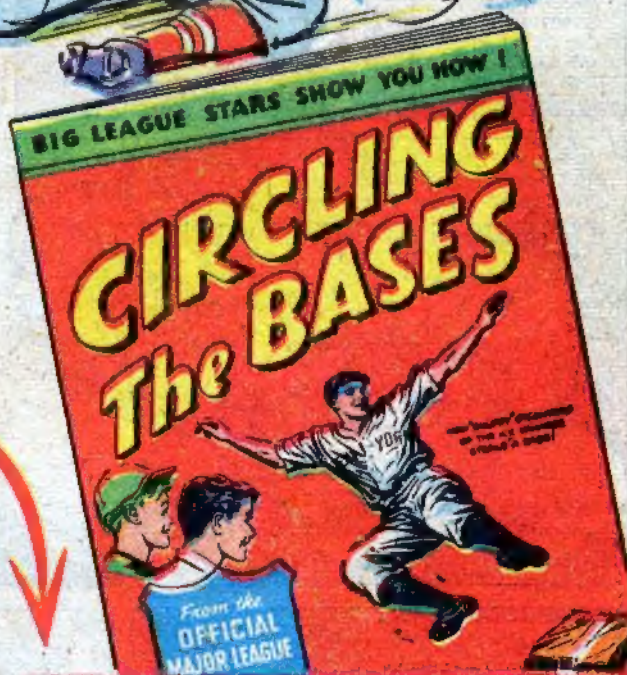
FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE
THE BIG LEAGUERS
DO IT!



SEND FOR IT
TODAY!



● You'll star on the bases—be the envy of your team—when you get all the "inside dope" from this exciting picture book! The champion base stealers and speed kings of the American League—"Snuffy" Stirnweiss of the N. Y. Yankees, George Case and George Myatt of the Senators—show you how to run . . . how to slide . . . how to steal. It's all there in easy-reading comic book style—with a hundred full-color, action pictures taken from the Spalding co-sponsored OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE FILM!

Be the first of your gang to know the science of playing and running the bases. Win ball games on the base paths for your team. Send for your book today. Fill in coupon now. Enclose 5c to cover postage and handling.

SPALDING

The Name That's **OFFICIAL** with America

A. G. Spalding & Bros., Dept. B
19 Beekman Street
New York 8, N. Y.

Send me a copy of "Circling the Bases" by return mail. I enclose 5 cents (in coin or stamps) to cover postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

The Adventures of

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE

SAM SPADE

(THE CASE OF THE TELL-TALE COMB)

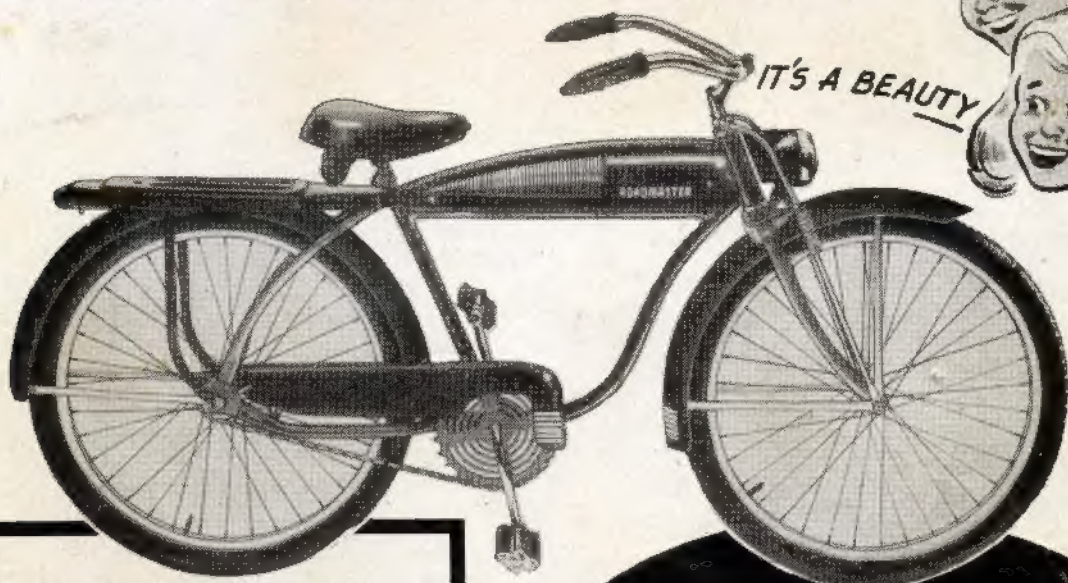
LISTEN TO "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday eve. It's on your Columbia (CBS) Broadcasting System station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.



HERE IT IS!

The NEW ROADMASTER

IT'S A BEAUTY



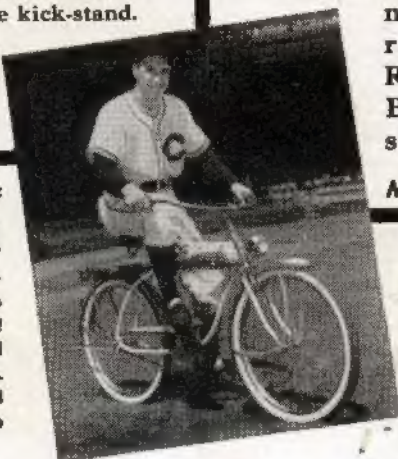
EVERYTHING YOU WANT

- **NEW REAR STOPLIGHT**—press the brake and flash!—on goes the light—just like dad's car!
- **SMOOTH SLEEK TANK**—built-in horn button—embossed chrome grill—modern automotive colors.
- **IMPROVED SHOCKMASTER FORK**—floating ride fork for smooth riding.
- **SEARCH-BEAM HEADLAMP**—a streamlined beauty—exclusive bullet design.
- **ROCKET CHAIN GUARD**—streamlined for speed—trimmed with chrome.
- **ELECTRONICALLY WELDED FRAME**—100% stronger—built to take it!
- **CHROME RIMS**—these sparkling rims catch admiring eyes.
- **NEW KICK TYPE PARKING STAND**—exclusive, can't rattle kick-stand.

Many other features you'll enjoy.

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Get this exciting 8x10 picture of Bob Feller, America's Strikeout King. It's a beauty! Send coupon below and 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Be the envy of your crowd with a Bob Feller picture—all your own.



Roadmaster
AMERICA'S finer BICYCLE

Now new thrills of fun

● Get set for a new world of fun and popularity when you ride this new model Roadmaster, "America's *Finer Bicycle*". It's a joy you'll long remember. For Roadmaster sets the style and leads the field in beauty and outstanding features. But see this amazing bicycle at your dealer's today.

You'll understand why Roadmaster owners stand out in their crowd as leaders. Why not be a leader yourself? Ride the road to popularity on your own Roadmaster, "America's *Finer Bicycle*". It's smooth to ride—sharp to look at—smart to own.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

THE CLEVELAND WELDING COMPANY
2129 West 117th Street • Cleveland 7, Ohio
Rush my 8x10 picture of Bob Feller. I have enclosed 10¢ to cover cost of mailing.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

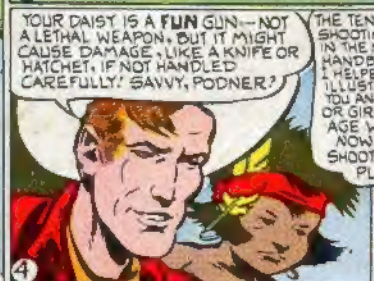
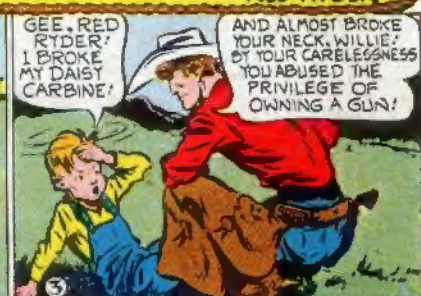


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DAISY

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by FRED HARMAN --- FAMOUS COWBOY CARTOONIST--- CREATOR OF RED RYDER



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Ask your folks to read this ad. Tell them you'll follow the ten Safety Shooting Rules printed in the Daisy Handbook as carefully as they always drive their car. Explain that Daisys have been recognized as

the finest quality air rifles in the world for more than sixty years—that you want a genuine Daisy for real fun—that they're being made and delivered to Daisy dealers fast as the supply of labor and materials permit.

1000 SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE

Famous Western saddle carbine features Lightning Loader, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol Grip Stock.



SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



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